THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CONGRESS OF CATHOLICS.

Full Text of Call for Such a Gathering at the World's Fair Period Issued by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan.

Reasons for Convening the Congress—Subjects To Be Discussed.

Archbishop Feehan has issued the call for a World's Fair Catholic Congress. Following is a copy:

CHICAGO, Dec. 24, 1892.—*The Columbian Catholic Congress—Official call:* The happy occasion of the World's Columbian Exposition to be held in the city of Chicago from May to November, 1893, is certain to be an event of world-wide and permanent interest.

In determining to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of the new world the government of the United States decided to inaugurate a great world's exposition of arts and industries and accordingly selected Chicago as the place where the exposition should be held. The dedication of the buildings last October with imposing public ceremonies called the attention of the civilized world to the splendid fulfillment and realization of the stupendous work undertaken by the city of Chicago in providing within a limited period of time the vast buildings and accommodations demanded for the occasion.

In these great structures are now being gathered and grouped the most extensive, varied and wonderful productions of human genius and skill, brought thither from every land, which will later testify to the marvelous progress and the creative intelligence and capacity of the men and women of the nineteenth century.

This great exposition will naturally attract to Chicago visitors from every part of America as well as from Europe and the more distant quarters of the world.

GREAT SERIES OF CONGRESSES.

In connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, and eqnally under the recognition of the government and of the directory of the exposition, a series of world's congresses have been projected, commencing May 1, and extending to Oct. 31.

These congresses are designed to be representative of and to include almost every form and phase of human activity moral, social and industral—and their aim, as declared in the programme, is to "influence for good the prosperity, unity and happiness of the world." Catholics have every reason and incentive to enter heartily into the spirit of the Columbian celebrations and to take part when and wherever fitting in the activities and demonstrations which accompany and characterize them. Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has in the most signal manner already given proofs of the warm interest he feels in the Chicago exposition and in its various distinctive features. The historic event commemorated by the coming World's Columbian Exposition—the discovery of the new world—is of concern and interest to all; it is naturally of deep and special significance and pride to Catholics.

The great Genoese navigator was a zealous and devoted Catholic—a man of ardent religious faith. The supreme genius that inspired his great mission and undertaking and the indomitable strength and resolution that bravely enabled him to overcome every obstacle and danger were supplemented by a constant and generous zeal for God's greater glory, and especially for the propagation of the Christian religion; and his daring enterprise was made possible and its success assured by the exalted enthusiasm of the glorious Queen Isabella, the Catholic, who, moved by a like zeal for religion, gave to Columbus her royal support and patronage.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO CATHOLICS.

It is most appropriate, therefore, that Catholics should honor these memories and give public testimony to the world of the pride and interest they feel in the memorable anniversary as well as in the Columbian celebration at Chicago and elsewhere.

With the approval, then, of the most reverend, the archbishops of the United States, it has been determined to provide for a general congress of the Catholics of the United States during the progress of the World's Columbian Exposition, and the committee of organization, to whom the undertaking has been committed, accordingly give official notice that the Columbian Catholic Congress of the United States will be convened in the city of Chicago, Monday, Sept. 4, 1893, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the consideration of the subjects and questions embraced in the official programme, under the conditions and limitations therein prescribed. The congress will be under the honorary presidency of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore.

COMPOSITION OF THE CONGRESS.

The congress will be composed of delegates from the different dioceses and vicariates of the United States, viz: For each diocese and vicariate, ten (10) delegates at large and five (5) additional delegates for every 25,000 of the Catholic population in such diocese and vicariate, as shown by the Catholic directory (Sadlier's) for 1893; and proportioned for fractions of 25,000.

These delegates shall be selected and appointed by the bishop or acting ecclesiastical superior of the diocese or vicariate, and the delegates so chosen are to be reported to the committee on organization on or before Aug. 1, 1893.

In addition to the foregoing, every Catholic university, college and seminary for young men shall be entitled to send delegates at large and one additional delegate for every 100 students regularly enrolled in such institution for the collegiate year 1892-3.

These delegates shall be chosen by the president and faculty of the several institutions and the names are to be reported to the committee on organization on or before Aug. 1. 1893.

Catholics from other countries will be cordially welcomed to the congress, provided they present recommendatory letters for the purpose, duly signed by the bishop of the diocese from which they come, which shall be duly submitted to the committee on organization prior to the assembling of the congress.

P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop of Chicago,
Ch'mn Committee on Organization.
WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, Secretary.

PROGRAMME OF SUBJECTS.

The committee on organization has also formulated the general scope of the congress. The following is suggested as the order and subdivision of the subjects for the different papers, viz:

1. The Discovery of the New World.
2. Columbus—His Character and Mission.
3. The Results and Consequences to Religion and to Civilization of the Discovery.
4. The Missionary Work of the Church in the New World.
5. The Influence of the Catholic Church on the Political, Civil and Social Institutions of the United States."
6. "Isabella, the Catholic."

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

1. The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on This Question.
2. The Rights of Labor; the Duties of Capital.
3. Pauperism and the Remedy.
4. Public and Private Charities—How to Make them More Effectual and Beneficial.
5. Workingmen's Societies and Societies for Young Men.
6. Life Insurance and Pension Funds for Wageworkers.
7. Trade Combinations on Strikes.
8. Immigration and Colonization.
9. Intemperance.
10. The Condition and Future of the Indians in the United States.
11. The Condition and Future of the Negro Race in the United States.
12. The Work of Women in Religion and in the World.

SUPPLEMENTARY QUESTIONS.

1. Catholic Education in the United States.
2. The Independence of the Holy See.

MR. GLADSTONE'S BILL.

[To the Editor.]

In less than a month the outlines of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill will be before us, and friends of Ireland must unite in deprecating the reception of the proposals in a hypercritical or obstructive spirit. Under the circumstances we have to choose between a *very moderate bill* and none at all. Mr. Gladstone has a small and precarious majority, confronted by a virulent and unscrupulous opposition. His bill cannot be "final and satisfactory." In fact, if it were final, it would not be satisfactory. We shall have to make up our minds to accept the minimum of our demands. It must suffice if the bill be a step in the right direction.

What would be unsatisfactory is an arrangement that would shut the door against future progress of self-government. If we get only a little measure, it should be good, so far as it goes. Freedom broadens slowly. But if we reject a small measure we may have to wait for twenty years before we can get a better. In 1793, Catholic emancipation was almost won; but, at the last moment, a change of mind occurred to Pitt, and it had to wait thirty-six years longer.

We must make up our minds to have in Ireland a *subordinate* legislature; that is, the imperial parliament will have an effective veto on Irish legislation. What we should aim at is to give Mr. Gladstone's bill the character of a constitution for Ireland, naming the limitations within which the Irish legislature will be free to act, and making the imperial government a sort of supreme court to check transgressors of the constitutional limits. What we ask is that within these defined bounds, Irish legislation shall be free and independent, and that the veto will apply only to acts that transcend the powers of the Irish legislature. This principle is already recognized in local, county and municipal governments in England. In other words, no act in Ireland should be vetoed unless on the ground of unconstitutionality; and the constitutional acts should not require the approval of the crown to become law.

Ireland may expect to be refused permission to legislate regarding titles to land or the establishment of religion. But the two chief functions of government refer to justice and finance. A step may be taken toward making the administration of justice in Ireland conform to the English practice. The magistrates must represent the whole people instead of the ascendency faction. And the control of the police is, of course, the essence of a reform in the methods of justice, as they are the executive officers of the courts.

The financial question is the most difficult problem. The proceeds of the taxes must be divided into an imperial fund and an Irish fund. For the present, it may be well enough if the customs, excise and postal revenues are collected by the imperial government, and if stamps and income tax and other direct taxes are collected by the Irish government, the amount of the imperial contribution of Ireland should be named in the bill, or in any subsequent act of parliament.

Ireland's greatest need is not so much an Irish legislature as an Irish administration. In 1782 there was an Irish legislature, and a foreign administration, and two-thirds of the parliament were under the control of the foreign executive. We want no repeal that would reproduce such an execrable and delusive form of Home Rule as this. We do not want to go back, but to advance. We want, above all things, an administration that is entirely Irish, and controlled by Irish opinion.

If we could not get a Home Rule bill passed in 1893, we should try to have passed a comprehensive county and municipal local government bill for Ireland, almost literally identical with the English act. This would be a real and genuine Home Rule so far as it goes. It should be a part of any Home Rule measure proposed. It would go far to restore justice and equity to Ireland. But nothing will give perfect national Home Rule except the federation of the divisions of the United Kingdom.

W.

[Our valued correspondent makes some good points, but he is entirely too "moderate."—ED.]

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

MINOR COOK COUNTY APPOINTMENTS

The Following Appointments Have Been Made by the New County Officers.

Frank Gaulter, clerk of the circuit court, has thirty-eight appointments in his gift. He has made the following: Henry Wight, Twelfth ward; Joseph Greenhut, Fourth ward; P. W. Neilson, Twenty-fifth ward; Henry Carroll, First ward; Charles F. Walsh, Second ward; J. F. Mendelssohn, Fourth ward; J. G. Flynn, Fourth ward; J. V. Matejka, Eighth ward; James Furlong, Thirteenth ward; M. McNulty, Twenty-third ward; Edward Heinze, Fourth Congressional District; John Downey, Twenty-ninth ward; John B. Sullivan, Thirty-fourth ward; James Gray, Twenty-fifth ward; James A. Barry, Twenty-second ward; John McCabe, Fifth ward; M. J. Merki, Thirtieth ward; John C. Deady, Thirty-fourth ward; W. J. Saeghorn, Twenty-sixth ward.

Stephen Griffin, clerk of the Superior court, has thirty appointments to make. He has made the following: Chief clerk, M. J. Donoghue, of the Eighteenth ward; John C. Sterchie, First ward; John O'Shea, Sixth ward; William Schroeder, Tenth ward; Leonard Dunne, Twelfth ward; James Donoghue, Twelfth ward; John Collins, Thirteenth ward; J. J. Kelly, Eighteenth ward; John Dienhart, Twenty-first ward; J. J. Furlong, Twentw-third ward; Ed Cummings, Twenty-ninth ward; James Coyle, Thirtieth ward.

Recorder Chase has made the following appointments: Theodore Nelson, deputy recorder, Twelfth ward; Julius Ludwig, Twenty-fourth ward, Superintendent of folio department: W. J. Cochran, Twenty-fourth ward; John Cochran, Eleventh ward; D. Leonard, Twelfth ward; Samuel Levi, Eighteenth ward; N. P. Chiostri, Max Gaerte, Seventeenth ward; H. J. Herber, Thirtieth ward; M. P. Hartney, Twenty-first ward; W. C. Niehoff, Twenty-sixth ward; P. A. Hines, abstract-maker, Sixth ward; T. L. Mulroy, Thirty-second ward; Martin McCormick, Twenty-third ward; William Carmody, Seventh ward; J. W. Hartney, Fifth ward; F. J. Mooney, country towns; John Gillen, Sixth ward; T. B. Donnelly, recommended by State committee; P. J. Mulvaney, Twenty-fourth ward; J. Nash, Thirteenth ward; M. Hoffman, Twenty-fifth ward; Daniel Doogan, Twenty-first ward; E. Filleul, J. Kohn, Second ward; Frank L. Chase, Jr., Twenty-first ward; J. B. Reed, Twenty-ninth ward; William Flanagan, Thirtieth ward; Thomas Brennan, Sixth ward; J. T. Kilcrain, Thirty-third ward; S. E. Powers, First ward; J. J. Lyons, Twenty-third ward; P. McKenna, Thirtieth ward; M. Riordan, Eighth ward; W. Groves, Seamen's Union; Henry Biehl, superintendent abstract department, Twenty-sixth ward; M. T. Nicholson, Twenty-second ward; H. Henderson, Twenty-ninth ward; T. Conroy, Twenty-fourth ward; F. Carlan, A. L. Brown, cashiers, Twenty-fourth ward; N. J. Whity, Twenty-fifth ward.

Coroner McHale has made the following appointments: Chief deputy coroner, W. Quinn; deputies, G. D. Ahern, Seventeenth Ward; G. D. Bellar, German American association; Michael Barrett, Nineteenth ward; C. J. Coffey, Twelfth ward; W. G. Foskett, Twenty-fifth ward; Wm. Corbett, Seventeenth ward; T. J. McNally, First ward; coroner's physician, Dr. Louis J. Mitchell; morgue keeper, T. Mahon; clerk, Rudolph Sanders. Three deputies and one clerk yet to be appointed.

State's Attorney Kern enters upon the duties of the new year with E. S. Bottum, Richard W. Morrison, T. S. Knight, Daniel J. McElherne, George Baker, Michael J. Monahan and John F. O'Malley as his staff.

During the past half-century—since the discovery of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the average limit of human life in civilized countries, has been considerably lengthened. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is everywhere considered the standard blood-purifier, the Superior Medicine.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XX. (Continued.)

A speech, a letter, a short article, all published in the *United Irishman*, formed a *corpus delicti* of the crime which the enemy undertook to prosecute. Of these it is enough to present the letter; a letter which any candid reader will admit to have been at least provoking, if not illegal. It was addressed to the Protestants of the North:

"MY FRIENDS: Since I wrote my first letter to you, many kind and flattering addresses have been made to you by exceedingly genteel and very rich noblemen and gentlemen. Those of you, especially, who are Orangemen, seem to have somehow got into high favor with this genteel class, which must make you feel rather strange, I think; you have not been used to much recognition and encouragement, of late years, from British Viceroys, or the noble and right worshipful Grand Masters. They rather avoided you; seemed, indeed, as many thought, somewhat ashamed of you and your old anniversaries. Once upon a time, no Irish nobleman or British minister dared make light of the colors of Aughrim and the Boyne. But can you divine any cause for the sudden change of late? Do you understand why the Whig Lord Clarendon calls you so many names of endearment, and the Earl of Enniskillen tenderly entreats you as a father his only child? Can these men want anything from you?

"Let us see what the drift of their addresses generally is. Lord Clarendon, the English governor, congratulates you on your 'loyalty,' and your 'attachment to the Constitution,' and seems to calculate, though I know not why, upon a continuance of those exalted sentiments in the North. Lord Enniskillen, the Irish nobleman, for his part, cautions you earnestly against Popery and Papists, and points out how completely you would be overborne and swamped by Catholic majorities in all public affairs.

"My Lord Enniskillen does not say a word to you about what is, after all, the main concern, the tenure of your farms; not one word. It is about your Protestant interest he is uneasy. He is apprehensive, not lest you should be evicted by landlords, and sent to the poor-house, but lest Purgatory and Seven Sacraments should be thrust down your throats. This is simply a Protestant pious fraud of his lordship's; merely a right worshipful humbug. Lord Enniskillen, and every other commonly informed man, knows that there is now no Protestant interest at all; that there is absolutely nothing left for Protestant and Catholic to quarrel for; even the Church Establishment is not a Catholic and Protestant question, inasmuch as all dissenters, and all plebeian churchmen, are as much concerned to put an end to that nuisance as Catholics are. Lord Enniskillen knows too, (or if he does not, he is the very stupidest Grand Master in Ulster), that an ascendancy of one sect over another is from henceforth impossible; the fierce religious zeal that animated our fathers on both sides is utterly dead and gone. I do not know whether this is for our advantage or not; but, at any rate, it is gone; nobody in all Europe would now so much as understand it; and if any man talks to you now of religious sects, when the matter in hand relates to civil and political rights, to administration of government, or distribution of property, —depend on it, though he wear a coronet on his head, he means to cheat you.

"In fact, religious hatred has been kept alive in Ireland longer than anywhere else in Christendom, just for the simple reason that Irish landlords and British statesmen found their own account in it; and so soon as Irish landlordism and British dominion are finally rooted out of the country, it will be heard of no longer in Ireland, any more than it is in France or Belgium now.

"If you have any doubt whether Lord Enniskillen means to cheat you, I only ask you to remember: *first*, that he has written you a long and parental letter, upon the state of the country, and has not once alluded to your Tenant-right; and, *second*, that he belongs to that class of persons from whom alone can come any danger to your Tenant-right, which is your life and property.

"As for Lord Clarendon and his friendly addresses, exhorting to 'loyalty' and attachment to the institutions of the country, I need hardly tell you he is a cheat. What institutions of the country are there to be attached to? That all who pay taxes should have a voice in the outlay of those taxes, is not one of our institutions;—that those who create the whole wealth of the State by their labor, should get leave to live, like Christians, on the fruits of that labor, this is not among the institutions of the country. Tenant-right is not an institution of the country. No; out-door relief is our main institution at present—our *Magna Charta*—our Bill of Rights. A high-priced church and a low-fed people are institutions; stipendiary clergymen, packed juries, a monstrous army and navy, which we pay, not to defend, but to coerce us;—these are institutions of the country. Indian meal, too, strange to say, though it grows four thousand miles off, has come to be an institution of this country. Are these the 'venerable institutions' you are expected to shoulder muskets to defend?

"But, then, 'Protestants have always been loyal men.' Have they? And what do they mean by 'loyalty?' I have never found that, in the north of Ireland, this word had any meaning at all, except that we, Protestants, hated the Papists, and despised the French. This, I think, if you will examine it, is the true theory of 'loyalty' in Ulster. I can hardly fancy any of my countrymen so totally stupid as to really prefer high taxes to low taxes—to be really proud of the honor of supporting 'the Prince Albert' and his Lady, and their children, and all the endless list of cousins and uncles that they have, in magnificent idleness, at the sole expense of half-starved laboring people. I should like to meet the northern farmer, or laboring man, who would tell me, in so many words, that he prefers dear government to cheap government; that he likes the House of Brunswick better than his own house; that he would rather have the affairs of the country managed by foreign noblemen and gentlemen than by himself and his neighbors; that he is content to pay, equip and arm an enormous army, and give the command of it to those foreign noblemen, and to be disarmed himself, or liable to be disarmed, as you are, my friends, at any moment. I should like to see the face of the Ulsterman who would say plainly that he deems himself unfit to have a voice in the management of his own affairs, the outlay of his own taxes, or the government of his own country. If any of you will admit this, I own he is a 'loyal' man, and 'attached to our venerable institutions;' and I wish him joy of his loyalty, and a good appetite for his yellow meal.

"Now, Lord Clarendon and Lord Enniskillen want you to say all this. The Irish noble and the British statesman want the very same thing; they are both in a tale. The Grand Master knows that if you stick by your loyalty, and uphold British connection, you secure to him his coronet, his influence, and his rental —discharged of Tenant-right, and all plebeian claims. And Lord Clarendon knows, on his side, that if you uphold landlordism, and abandon Tenant-right, and bend all your energies to resisting the 'encroachments of Popery,' you thereby perpetuate British dominion in Ireland, and keep the 'Empire' going, yet a little while. 'Irish landlordism has made a covenant with British government, in these terms;—'Keep down for me my tenantry, my peasantry, my masses, in due submission, with your troops and laws; and I will garrison the island for you, and hold it, as your liegeman and vassal for ever.'

"Do you not know in your very hearts that this is true? and still you are 'loyal' and attached to the institutions of the country!

"I tell you, frankly, that I, for one, am not 'loyal.' I am not wedded to the Queen of England, nor unalterably attached to the House of Brunswick. In fact, I love my own barn better than I love that house. The time is long past when Jehovah anointed kings. The thing has long since grown a monstrous imposture, and has been already, in some civilized countries, detected as such, and drummed out accordingly. A modern king, my friends, is no more like an ancient anointed shepherd of the people than an archbishop's apron is like the *Urim* and *Thummin*. There is no divine right now but in the sovereign people.

"And, for the 'institutions of the country,' I loathe and despise them; we are sickening and dying of these institutions, fast; they are consuming us like a plague, degrading us to paupers in mind, body and estate,—yes, making our very souls beggarly and cowardly. They are a failure and a fraud, these institutions;—from the topmost crown-jewel to the meanest detective's note-book, there is no soundness in them. God and man are weary of them. Their last hour is at hand; and I thank God that I live in the the days when I shall witness the utter downfall, and trample upon the grave, of the most protentous, the grandest, meanest, falsest and cruelest tyranny that ever deformed this world.

"These, you think, are strong words; but they are not one whit stronger than the feelings that prompt them—that glow this moment deep in the souls of moving and awakening millions of our fellow-countrymen of Ireland: ay, and in your souls, too, Protestants of Ulster, if you would acknowledge it to yourselves. I smile at the formal resolution about 'loyalty to Queen Victoria,' so eagerly passed and hurried over as a dubious kind of form at Tenant-right meetings and 'Protestant Repeal' meetings. I laughed outright, here, on Tuesday night last, at the suspicious warmth with which Dublin merchants, as if half-afraid of themselves, protested so anxiously that they would yield in loyalty to none. They, democrats by nature and position, meeting there, without a nobleman to countenance them,—with the queen's representative scowling black upon them from his castle,—are, they declare it with most nervous solemnity, loyal men. Indeed, it was easy to see that a vague feeling was upon them of the real meaning and tendency of all these meetings,—of what all this must end in, and to what haven they, and you, and we, are all, in a happy hour, inevitably drifting together.

"My friends, the people's sovereignty, the land and sea and air of Ireland for the people of Ireland: this is the gospel that the heavens and the earth are preaching, and that all hearts are secretly burning to embrace. Give up forever that old interpretation you put upon the word 'Repeal.' Repeal is no priest-movement; it is no sectarian movement; it is no money swindle, nor 'Eighty-two' delusion, nor puffery, nor O'Connellism, nor Mullaghmast 'green-cap' stage-play, nor loud-sounding inanity of any sort, got up for any man's profit or praise. It is the mighty, passionate struggle of a nation hastening to be born into new national life: in which unspeakable throes all the parts, and powers, and elements of our Irish existence,—our Confederations, our Protestant Repeal Associations, our Tenant-right Societies, our Clubs, Cliques and Committees,—amid confusions enough and the saddest jostling and jumbling,—are all inevitably tending to one and the same illustrious goal—not a local legislature—not a return to 'our ancient Constitution,' not a golden link or a patchwork parliament, or a College Green chapel-of-ease to St. Stephen's—but an Irish Republic, one and indivisible.

"And how are we to meet that day? In arms, my countrymen, in arms. Thus, and not otherwise, have ever nations of men sprung to liberty and power. But why do I thus reason with you, —with you, the Irish of Ulster, who never have denied the noble creed and sacraments of manhood? You have not been schooled for forty years in the fatal cant of moral force; you have not been utterly debauched and emasculated by the clap-trap platitudes of public meetings, and the empty glare of 'imposing demonstrations.' You have not yet learned the litany of slaves, and the whine of beaten hounds, and the way to die a coward's death. No; let once the great idea of our country's destiny seize on you, my kinsmen, and the way will be plain before you as a pike-staff twelve feet long.

"Yet there is one lesson you must learn:—fraternal respect for your countrymen of the South, and that sympathy with them, and faith in them, without which there can be no vital nationality in Ireland. You little know the history and sore trials and humiliations of this ancient Irish race; ground and trampled first for long ages in the very earth, and then taught—expressly taught—in solemn harangues, and even in sermons, that it was their duty to die, and see their children die before their faces, rather than resist their tyrants as men ought. You can hardly believe that creatures with the gait and aspect of men could have been brought to this. And you cannot wonder that they should have been slow, slow, in struggling upward out of such darkness and desolation. But I tell you, the light has at length come to them: the flowery spring of this year is the dawning of their day; and before the corn-fields of Ireland are white for the reaper, our eyes shall see the sun flashing gloriously, if the heavens be kind to us, on a hundred thousand pikes.

"I will speak plainly. There are now growing on the soil of Ireland a wealth of grain, and roots, and cattle, far more than enough to sustain in life and in comfort all the inhabitants of the island. That wealth must not leave us another year,—not until every grain of it is fought for in every stage, from the binding of the sheaf to the loading of the ship. And the effort necessary to that simple act of self-preservation will at one and the same blow prostrate British dominion and landlordism together. 'Tis but the one act of volition:—if we resolve but to live, we make our country a free and sovereign State.

"Will you not gird up your loins for this great national struggle, and stand with your countrymen for life and land? Will you, the sons of a warlike race, the inheritors of conquering memories, with the arms of freemen in all your homes, and relics of the gallant Republicans of '98 (pikes and forks) before your eyes, —will you stand folding your hands in helpless 'loyalty,' and while every nation in Christendom is seizing on its birth-right with armed hand, will you take patiently your rations of yellow meal, and your inevitable portion of eternal contempt?

"If this be your determination, Protestants of Ulster, then make haste, sign addresses of loyalty and confidence in Lord Clarendon, and protest with that other Lord your unalterable attachment to 'our venerable institutions.'

"JOHN MITCHEL."

All this was open and outrageous "treason," of course; admitting that Queen Victoria was then the Queen of Ireland, and not a foreign tyrant. Yet, nine-tenths of the citizens of Dublin would have, on their oath, found the writer not guilty; and the liberal Whig government were bound, by all their professions, not to pack juries. But they were still more strongly bound to crush the press, and break the type, and fetter the hand which sent forth weekly addresses of this sort, to be read and laid to heart by at least a hundred thousand men.

How they solved this difficulty is to be told.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

Do not wear impermeable and tight-fitting hats that constrict the blood-vessels of the scalp. Use Hall's Hair Renewer occasionally, and you will not be bald.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "God and Gold," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

A great load seemed lifted off our hero's heart as he once more urged forward the much-adoring beast of burden. He fancied he heard a secret chuckle from his companion, but was not sure. Onward again towards the North. And now towards the northwest the sky was aglow as from the reflection of numerous fires, on seeing which Edmund's heart gave a great bound of exultation. The prospect of soon being in the midst of his friends was most refreshing, and cheered him onwards, though he was faint and weary from his long and toilsome journey.

Suddenly on the still night air came the sound of horses' hoofs, galloping furiously. He turned and gazed behind him. Little more than half a mile in his rear was a party of dragoons—about half a dozen in all—coming on rapidly, their swords and helmets glittering in the moonlight. Of course they were Puritans—the men, he at once believed, who had suspected him in Garristown of being a spy. And here he was, totally unarmed, about to fall a victim to their fury, and that, too, almost within reach of his friends. The thought was maddening!

At once the loud report of a pistol sounded at his back. Looking round, he was amazed, to see a large horse-pistol smoking in the hand of the strange mysterious female who had accompanied him all along. She now leaped from the back of the tardily-pacing mule, and rushed off in front at a swift pace. Edmund urged the mule at full gallop after this strange being, while the dragoons coming rapidly on behind furiously hallooed to them to halt.

The woman stopped suddenly, her tall form, still enveloped in the great blue cloak, looming up in the centre of the road, and her hand raised as if commanding silence. Edmund halted also and listened. Far away in the front, like the echo of the hoof strokes behind, he heard distinctly the tread of another party of horsemen coming nearer and nearer. Seizing him by the arm, the woman drew him within the shelter of a large tree that grew by the roadway. The foremost of the Puritan troopers, who rode about a furlong in advance of his fellows, perceived them ere they had time to conceal themselves, and on coming up rode at them with uplifted sabre. A flash and report, and he tumbled to the ground, his horse dashing madly back toward the troopers, who immediately halted, as if deliberating, and then galloped back the way they had come. The cause of their flight was soon evident, for from the opposite direction came riding hard and fast another and more numerous body of horsemen—their mortal enemies the "wild Irishry." Some of these latter continued their pursuit of the fleeing Puritans, but the greater number reined up at the tree beneath which stood Edmund and his companion.

"Ho, a torch!" cried he who appeared to be the leader—for the moon was again covered—and in a few moments two or three torches were ignited and blazing brilliantly. In the speaker Edmund immediately recognized his friend Colonel Plunket!

"Have you forgotten me Colonel?" he replied, advancing, as he pulled off the gray wig which was part of his disguise.

"What! can it be possible?" exclaimed the Colonel, leaping from his saddle: "my young friend, so it is indeed you;—but how changed! I had well nigh given you up for lost," and he shook our hero's hand warmly.

"But whom have we here?" he continued, as the torchlight fell on the figure of the tall cloaked female.

"Surely you've not forgotten *me?*" said the latter, throwing back the heavy hood that concealed her features.

"Good heavens! Rory O'Moore" cried Plunket, and instantly the two friends were locked in close and strained embrace.

"Three cheers for Rory O'Moore" cried the exulting horsemen, and cheer after cheer pealed up through the tranquil night, while the torch-bearers whirled their torches in ecstacy round their heads.

* * * * * *

About a month had elapsed since the outbreak of the insurrection. If the confederated Irish had failed in Dublin they had been successful in many other places. By stratagem Sir Phelim O'Neill had got possession of Charlemont Fort and of the person of its governor, Sir Toby Caulfield; Mountjoy Fort and the town of Dungannon had also fallen into the hands of the Irish; the MacMahons had seized Monaghan, Carrickmacross, and Castleblaney; the O'Reillys, Cavan and Belturbet; Rory Maguire had overrun Fermanagh, and Sir Con Magennis made himself master of Newry and Tanderagee, distributing to the people the arms and ammunition stored up in the former place. All this had occurred for the most part on the night of the 22d of October—a circumstance which spoke well for the union and energy of the Irish leaders. But to equip the Irish forces in the field, amounting, as was estimated, to about 30,000 men, there was available only about four or five thousand stand of arms, found in the various captured places. But pikes were rapidly manufactured. Of the vast and undisciplined Irish force, Sir Phelim O'Neill of Kinnaird, of the Tyrone family, a man of weak will and subject to violent gusts of passion, but as disinterested and brave as he was vehement and impetuous, was appointed commander. A stormy and sanguinary period now ensued. The Scotch Presbyterians of Ulster were the first to commence the horrible work of massacre. A band of settlers led by one Barnet Lindsay fled from Tullahoge to Antrim, leaving behind them their wives and children, who were afterwards honorably and humanely sent after them in safety by the Irish. But, imagining their families lost forever, and actuated by a motive of revenge, Lindsay's armed men left Antrim one night by stealth, and murdered about eighty inoffensive Irish near Templepatrick, men, women, and children, although they were tenants of a loyalist named Upton. Following the example of these assassins, the Scotch garrison of Carrickfergus issued forth, and the peninsula of Island Magee witnessed a fearful holocaust of blood—three thousand hapless people massacred! And then the lower class of Irish, infuriated at such wanton slaughter, retaliated by slaying about ninety Protestants at the bridge of Portadown, and throwing their bodies into the river. Thenceforth, for a long period, no quarter was given or expected on either side, and the war became one of bloody extirpation.

After a loss of more than a hundred men in an unsuccessful attack on Lisburn, where the steady fire of Lord Conway's regulars proved too much for his untrained and undisciplined Ulstermen, Sir Phelim O'Neill marched southwards to Drogheda. This he did at the suggestion of O'Moore, whose clansmen had seized Dunamase and other ancient possessions of the gallant sept of Leix. After capturing Lord Moore's house at Mellifont Abbey, Sir Phelim's army, about 4,000 strong, laid siege to Drogheda; they had taken Dundalk on their southward route. Drogheda was garrisoned by about 1,500 trained soldiers, horse and foot, under an old and experienced commander, Sir Henry Tichborne. The only experienced officer in the besieging force as yet was Plunket, now with the title of general. The siege proceeded but indifferently, the efforts of the ill-provided besieging force having but small effect against the well fortified and defended walls.

* * * * * *

A portion of the Irish army was marching along the four or five miles of road leading from Drogheda to Julianstown, a few days after Edmund O'Tracy's arrival in O'Neill's camp. A curious and motley assemblage they were, those "wild Irishry." A small division of them carried matchlocks, but the rest were armed with long pikes, with the general addition of a skian worn in the girdle. There were a few "back-and-breasts" to be seen, and different varieties of helmets, but for a great part the men wore no defensive armor. Some of them were even bareheaded, and a considerable number barefooted. But they were nearly all men of strength, endurance, and agility—worthy descendants of the celebrated kerns and gallowglasses of half a century before. O'Moore had gleaned the tidings that a strong English force would attempt the relief of Drogheda on that day, and the Irish leaders were determined by all means to frustrate such a measure. Hence this march.

The Organizer had ridden off that morning to look after a reserve of 2,000 men which lay between Ardee and Dundalk, and Plunket was in command of the division on the road. On reaching the bridge of Gillianstown, near Julianstown, two of the Irish outposts rode up with the information that they had been fired on about three miles to the front by the advance-guard of the Puritans. A halt was immediately called.

It was an early November morning. The air was raw and chill, and a thick gray mist, which prevented objects being discerned at any considerable distance, lay over the face of the country. Plunket at once determined to take advantage of the fog, and to lay an ambuscade for the approaching enemy. The nature of the ground afforded every facility for such a *ruse de guerre*. The narrow road which led over the old bridge across the Nanny Water was lined on either side by high banks or thick hedges, where any number of men might lie in concealment. The General at once commenced to put his design in execution. He commanded a party of his cavalry to ride on in front, encounter the enemy, and retreat, not halting at the place of ambush, but riding on straight toward Drogheda. Obedient to the command, the small detachment galloped forward on the road and vanished in the mist.

The rest of the Irish cavalry were drawn up in a convenient hollow at the side of the roadway, and the foot were ordered to place themselves in ambush. With many gleeful expressions, which were soon repressed, and a strict silence enjoined, the men quickly obeyed; and in a few moments it seemed as if the entire force had vanished into the earth.

None took so great an interest in these preparations as Edmund O'Tracy, who sat on his horse in the midst of the cavalry. None waited so anxiously for the stirring sequel. Here was his first participation in a real military encounter, and he wondered how he should bear himself—how he should fare. He was bending forward in his saddle, listening intently for the noise of the enemy's approach, when Plunket, who was close by, urged up his horse to his, and laughed.

"You seem eager for the fray, my young friend," he remarked.

"It will be my first engagement, General," was the reply.

"Well, no doubt you shall show good mettle presently; I expect from the way you grip your sword that you mean to make dire use of it in your maiden encounter. Have you any idea, as one of our latest arrivals from Dublin, as to the commander of the approaching enemy—whether he be Borlace or Moore, Byron or Phil Wenman, or that canny Scot, Sir Patrick Wemyss?"

"I am sorry, General, that I cannot inform you."

"Pho! you are but a sorry spy; although," he added, with a laugh, "you bid fair to improve in that respect since you picked out Col. O'Moore as a fellow traveler."

The distant blare of a trumpet was now heard through the mist, followed by a succession of dropping shots. These were succeeded by the trampling of horses' hoofs, and in a few minutes the decoy detachment of Irish rode past the place of ambush. A short interval of great suspense ensued, and then, with a prodigious rattle of chain bridles and scabbards, a body of Puritan cavalry, about a hundred strong, trotted by. They were allowed to pass unmolested.

The approach of the enemy's infantry was eagerly listened for, and very soon the listeners' patience was rewarded. Tramp, tramp, tramp—and the head of the Puritan column of foot, four men abreast, came out of the mist. It numbered 600 men, and a small detachment of troopers brought up the rear. The leading files had almost passed through the Irish ambush when Plunket raised his pistol in the air and fired the signal shot.

Instantly from the banks and hedges on either side of the narrow roadway a line of fire leaped into the faces of the astonished Puritans, levelling a large number of them—for the Irish marksmen were enabled to take deliberate and deadly aim. In a moment all was confusion in the English ranks. Some of the soldiers dashed up the steep sides of the roadway, but were received on the points of the long pikes of the Irish.

"Counter march!" rang the voice of a Puritan officer, making itself heard above the universal din. The Irish heard the words and misinterpreted them to their own advantage.

"*Cuntwirt banish!*" (danger of death), cried a big pikeman;—"they say they're in danger of death. *Farrah!* Come on, lays; we'll soon put them in greater danger of death!"

"Charge!" was the command along the Irish line; and with pikes levelled, the insurgent soldiers rushed with resistless fury down upon their enemies, and more than a quarter of a mile of the road became at once the scene of a fierce and desperate conflict. Both sides fought with a fixed and mortal hatred terrible in its intensity; quarter was unasked for and ungiven.

Spurring out from their place of concealment, the Irish horse broke through the Puritan infantry, trampling down all before them and slashing right and left with their long swords. They then rode full tilt at the troopers forming the Puritan rear guard.

"Forward, lads, to the rescue of Major Rooper," cried a voice at this moment; —"ride for your life, corporal, after Sir Patrick, and tell him to return. Close up there;—to the bridge!—to the bridge!"

O'Tracy recognized Harrison's voice in a moment, and immediately afterwards caught sight of the burly figure of his enemy looming out of the fog. But the latter galloped past on his powerful horse without taking notice of him, and, running the gauntlet of the Irish pikemen, rode off in the direction of Drogheda. Edmund pursued as speedily as he could, and caught up to the fugitive at the bridge of Gilliantown, at one extremity of the scattered fight. Hearing the sound of horses' hoofs behind him, Harrison turned in his saddle, and that instant his pursuer's falchion rang with all its force on his casquetel. He reeled beneath the stroke, but soon recovered himself, and on recognizing his assailant, gave vent to an oath half of surprise, half of exultation, and attacked O'Tracy furiously.

It was an apparently unequal combat. The heavy and powerful animal which Harrison rode, and his own giant frame and superior strength, gave him great advantage over his young adversary. But what the latter lacked in strength he made up in skill and dexterity, and managed for a long time to avoid or parry the mighty, swashing strokes of his enemy. Each felt it was a stern fight to the death. None came from the scene of general conflict to interfere or put an end to the duel on horseback by slaying one or the other of the combatants. Round and round circled the two horses, and fiercely clashed the swords of their riders—round and round, and round on the narrow bridge.

Harrison drew the first blood.

"Ha!" he cried, as he saw a copious stream of blood running down our hero's arm; "there's a beginning; Creevelea shall be revenged presently."

"There's a return," said the other, as the point of his blade slid off Harrison's helmet, inflicting a deep wound along his jaw.

Smarting with the pain, Harrison dashed his charger against O'Tracy's horse, jamming the latter against the old crumbling parapet of the bridge, which immediately gave way, precipitating both horses and riders into the stream below. In falling Harrison's head struck against a buttress, and he lay insensible, half in and half out of the Nanny Water.

Edmund fared better. His fall was partly broken by his horse, which was rendered useless, though Harrison's animal was almost uninjured. Wading ashore, he caught the latter horse by the reins and led it up the bank, mounted, and rode back in the direction of the fight. He found the conflict at an end, and the Irish stripping the bodies of their slain enemies. Of the whole Puritan force none save a few officers and the advance guard of a hundred cavalry—which, as afterwards appeared, cut their way into Drogheda—had escaped. The five hundred infantry were cut to pieces.

"A passably fair day's work," said General Plunket to Edmund, as the Irish force returned to Julianstown;—"but now what about this enemy of yours?"

Halting at the bridge where the single combat had taken place, they looked over it, under it, and around it, but the body of Gilbert Harrison had disappeared.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

CLOGA SHEANDUIN.

BY REV. THOMAS O'MALLEY.

Bidheann gean mo lionadh
'N nair bhidhim aig smuaineadh
Air chlogaibh Sheandúin
Aig scapadh cvoil.
Mar cheolta Phartuais,
Os cionn m'óg áruis,
Nár fhág a chuimhne
Mo chroidhe go fóil;
Bidheann m'intinn toigthe
Le smuaineadh m' óige
Air feadh mo shiubhalta,
'S me lán de ghnaoi;
Mar gheall nár chualas
Aon chlog a bhuaileas
Mar chloga Sheandúin
Air bhárr na Laoi.

Do shiubhail me an chruinne
'Gus chualas luinne
Na g-clog is binne
D'a bh-fuil faoi 'n spéir:
Agus luasgadh luaimneach
Na d-teangtha bh-fuaimneach:
Acht thug tá bárr air
A g-ceol go léir!
Le cuimhne 'r bhuille
Lán saor do chille,
Do facas damh-sa
Le bród ó chroidhe,
Go m-bh' fhior nár chualas
Aon chlog a bhuaileas
Mar chloga Sheandúin,
Air bhárr na Laoi.

Do chualas glóradh
O chlogaibh móra
Primh-chill no Róimhe
Mar thoirneach teann;
Agus cloga gáirde
Aig luasgadh 'nn áirde,
Ann árd-chill Páris,
O bhárr na m-beann:
Acht fós budh bhinne
Do cheolta grinne
'Na scap cill Phadair
Air an Tiber bhuidhe.
O! is fior nár chualas
Aon chlog a bhuaileas
Mar chloga Sheandúin
Air bhárr na Laoi.

Tá cáil gan eugadh
Air chlog na Gréige
A g-cill Naoimh Sóphi
Bideann Turcach deun,
Air thuir 's air bheanna
'S le glorthaibh teanna
Aig fuagairt urnaighe
D' a phobul féin.
Ni thnáthim leo sin—
Bidheadh aca an gleo sin—
Oir tá ceol nios ansa
Liom fein i g-croidhe;
Is fior nar chualas
Aon chlog a bhuaileas
Mar chloga Sheandúin
Air bhárr na Laoi.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIS LEANAMHAIS.]

Chuir an sagart biadh air an g-clár aris, agus d'ith siad le chéile, agus bhi Goillis bocht annsan gcaoi cheudna 'nna a raibh sé roimhe sin. Nior thuig sé focal, agus bhi náire mhór air.

"Ná cuir aon t-suim ann sin," ar san sagart, "tá si fóghlaim Gaedhilge uile lá, agus ni fada go dtiuefaidh léithe a labhairt chomh maith leat féin."

B' fhior do'n t-sagart sin; agus sul d'fág Ghoillis an teach labhair an mbaighdean nasal nios mó ná aon fhocal amháin Gaedhilge, agus thuig sí uile rud do dhéarfadh Goillis.

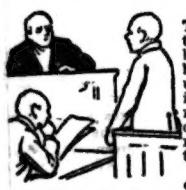
Tháinig Goillis ó lá go lá do'n teach, agus bhi sí 'g éirighe nios tapa ann a labhairt gach lá, agus bhi an earthanas eatorra ag meudughadh, mar nach raibh duine air bith aice a laibheoradh léithe acht Goillis agus an sagart, agus b'fheárr leithe Goillis.

B' éigin dó innsint di an chaol do bhi sé annsan ráth nuair thainig na daoine maithe, agus mar chuaidh sé asteach chum an Phápa, agus mar sheid an t-Sidheog an téine as a bheul, agus gach uile rud do rinne sé go dtí an t-am d'fuadaigh na daoine maithe leo i, agus nuair bhidheadh sé uile inniste, b'éigin dó tosughadh air aris as an nuadh, agus ni raibh si tuirseach ariamh ag éisteacht leis.

Nuair bhi siad mar sin le leith-bhliadhain dubhairt si nach dtiuefadh léithe fanamhaint nios faide gan dul air ais d'á h-athair agus d'á máthair, go raibh sí cinnte go raibh brón mor orra fóithe, agus go mbudh náire mhór di é dá leigfeadh sí i mbrón iad nuair bhi sé air a cumas dul chomh fada leo. Rinne an sagart uile rud d'fheud sé le na congbháil leis féin sal eile, acht gan éifeacht: agus labhair Goillis gach focal millis do thainig ann a cheann ag iarraidh buaidh d'fhaghail uirri agus ag sáil le na breugadh agus le cur d'finchaibh uirri d'fanamhaint mar bhi sí, acht ni raibh aon mhaith dhó ann. Chuir sí roimpi triall, agus nior fheud duine beo a rán d' athrughadh.

Ni raibh morán airgid aici, acht dá fháinne do bhi air a láimh nuair d'fuadaigh na sidheoga leo i agus biorán óir do bhi ann a gruaig, agus béclaidh óir do bhi ann a brógaibh beaga.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]



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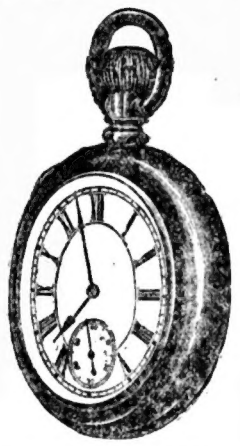
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The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

GALLIA AND UMBRIA.

Details Concerning the Meeting in Mid-Ocean.

WHY ASSISTANCE WAS NOT OFFERED

The Condition of the Umbria Did Not Warrant Any Apprehension of Danger and the Gallia Was Short of Coal—What Captain Long, an Old-Time Mariner Says of the Matter—Exaggerated Reports of the Accident.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—The Gallia arrived at Liverpool Tuesday. Captain Ferguson and his officers persisted in their refusal to talk on the subject of the Umbria without having first consulted the management of the line. The passengers, of course, felt no such obligation and readily enough explained the situation as it appeared to them. They said that the Umbria signalled to the Gallia requesting that steamer to stand by for twenty-four hours, Captain McKay stating that the shaft would probably be repaired within that time. The Gallia waited for three hours. Then Captain Ferguson signalled to the Umbria that his vessel had only sufficient coal on board to reach Liverpool, and upon sending this message Captain Ferguson decided to proceed. The passengers are uncertain whether Captain McKay protested against the Gallia proceeding. The passengers all agree, however, that the condition of the Umbria did not warrant any apprehension of danger at the time the Gallia steamed away on her voyage.

What Captain Long Thinks.

The Cunard management will issue an official statement later, based on the report received from Captain Ferguson. Among the Gallia's passengers was Captain Long, who has had a long maritime experience. He said that when the Umbria was first sighted by the Gallia the steamer Manhanset was lying near her. Everything about the Umbria was snug and shipshape, and she was riding the seas as steady as a church. Her appearance was far from that of a vessel in danger or in need of assistance. Captain McKay, Captain Long added, signaled a request that the Gallia stand by him for the rest of the morning. Captain Ferguson responded that he was unable to do so as he had only coal enough for an ordinary voyage. Captain Long further said that in view of the terrific weather prevailing he was of the opinion that Captain Ferguson was right in leaving the Umbria. Besides the question of fuel, which was a most important one, the Gallia was not in a position to undertake to tow her. The lives of the people on the Umbria were in no danger and the good weather the steamer was making of it, despite her disabled condition, was evidence that they would not be endangered.

Exaggerated Reports.

Captain Long added that if the stories of the affair cabled to the English newspapers from the United States greatly exaggerated the incident, but this he thought was due perhaps to the fact that the reports were obtained from passengers who were apt to add a little to the dangers through which they had passed. In conclusion Capt Long said he must agree with with the vrrsion of the affair reported to have been given by Captain McKay. When the commander of the Umbria signalled that he did not want assistance Captain Ferguson was perfectly justified in proceeding on his course.

Didn't Believe in Political Dickers.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—For a number of years Frank R. Foster's paper, The Labor Leader, has had the indorsement of the Central Labor union and has been advertised as the official organ of that body. Sunday the union passed a vote censuring Editor Foster and withdrew its indorsement from his paper. Foster's sharp criticism of the agreement of the Cigarmakers' union to vote for Lyons at the recent city election if the liquor dealers would handle nothing but union made cigars led to the above action.

The Stockbridge-Luce Contest.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 3.—Several of the candidates for United States senator have arrived and established their headquarters. Foremost among them are Senator Stockbridge, who hopes to succeed himself, and ex-Governor Cyrus W. Luce. Both candidates are confident of winning the fight, but if some of the Republicans bolt the caucus which will be held today one of the many dark horses will, it is thought, stand a show for the place.

Bought Up 300 Miles of River.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 3.—The Chesapeake and Ohio railroad has made a bold and winning stroke. Quietly for months it has been securing all the important ferries on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers from Charleston to Cincinnati. In addition it is given out on excellent authority that they have secured control of every steamboat line navigating the two rivers except the White Collar line,and they are negotiating for that.

Frightful Accident to a Boy.

VANDALIA, Ill., Jan. 3.—Frank H. Brown, residing four miles west of here, was loading straw into a wagon when his 14-year-old son approached him unobserved just as his father raised the pitchfork and was struck with full force, a tine of the fork entering the boy's left eye, tearing it from its socket.

"Rud" Kipling Is a Daddy.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—A daughter was born last Thursday to Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, the wife of the well-known writer, who is spending the winter at Brattleboro, Vt. Mrs. Kipling was Miss Carolyn Balestier, sister of C. Wolcott Balestier, the writer and collaborateur with Mr. Kipling.

Death of an Eminent Instructor.

BOSTON, Jan. 3.—Professor Norton Horsford, the eminent Harvard instructor in chemistry, the benefactor of Wellesly college and archæologist, died Sunday in Cambridge, Mass. Professor Horsford was born in Moscow, Livingston county, N. Y., July 27, 1818.

The Great Inaugural Ball.

WASHINGTON, Jan 3.—The place of holding the inaugural ball next March, about which there has been some discussion in the past two weeks, has been settled. Secretary Noble has given the inauguration committee permission to use the pension bureau for the event.

Osborne Takes the Oath.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Jan. 3.—Osborne took the oath as governor before the chief justice yesterday, and is now the governor of the state acknowledged by all parties.

GEORGE GOULD ANNOYED.

Cranks Demand Money for Revealing Alleged Plots.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—George Gould is a much worried man. Since his father's death cranks have been writing him, demanding money for information that would reveal a plot to steal the Wall street wizard's body from the mausoleum at Woodlawn. Every precaution has been taken to guard against such a raid. The matter is in the hands of competent police officers, and it would be an impossibility almost for any one to steal the body. These precautions will be taken for a long time to come.

The Risk Too Great.

Superintendent Byrnes said that he knew of no possible chance that robbers would have to steal the body of Jay Gould. "The risk is too great," said he, "and too many precautions have probably been taken as any one who would contemplate doing the work well knows. No, I don't expect a robbery of Jay Gould's tomb; just as well say they would try to rob the sub-treasury in Wall street."

NOT QUITE SO WELL.

The Condition of Mr. Blaine Takes a Backward Turn.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Mr. Blaine's condition has taken a backward turn but the change is probably not of a character to excite serious apprehension for the physicians of the distinguished patient were not summoned in haste, as has been the custom when Mr. Blaine became worse. Dr. Johnson made his regular morning call at the Blaine residence, shortly before 11 o'clock Tuesday. When a reporter saw him at his residence he was preparing to visit Mr. Blaine and did not seem alarmed over the information imparted by the reporter that Mr. Blaine's butler had stated that Mr. Blaine had passed an uncomfortable night and was not feeling so well. For the past two days Mr. Blaine has suffered from constipation and Monday his condition was not so favorable as it had been for several days preceding.

Crude Oil for Fuel.

FINDLAY, Ohio, Jan. 3.—It has been finally settled that the natural gas supply of this great gas belt is no longer equal to the demand. The pressure is so low that it is useless for heating purposes in homes even. But what appears to be a calamity may prove to be a blessing, as several of the largest factories here are experimenting with crude oil for fuel, and have found it almost as cheap as natural gas, far safer, more easily controlled and always uniform in pressure. The hundreds of industries here and at Lima, Fostoria, Bowling Green, Perrysburg and Toledo are preparing to use crude oil.

Fall of New Church Walls.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 3.—At 12:45 Monday morning the cottagers on Broadway were awakened by a thundering crash which alarmed the whole neighborhood. It was the falling of the outer walls of the new Presbyterian church which had been in the course of erection for several years and to which Mrs. W. F. Vanderbilt recently gave a large sum of money. The falling masonery came very near crushing in the cottage of Joseph J. Stevens. The loss will be very heavy, as the church was being built of fine brown stone.

Fashion Took a Rest.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—New Year's day in the city was socially but a shadow of the past. There was no calling and the shades were drawn in the mansions of many persons socially prominent. There was considerable driving during the afternoon, and though a few dinner parties were given, the center of social life was over at Tuxedo and out at the Westchester Country club and other suburban places. Fashion steered clear of the theatres in the evening.

Was Determined to Die.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan 3.—A young woman, supposed from a card in her pocket to be Lola Dilles, committed suicide at Kilmer, seven miles from here Monday, by taking chloroform and then lying dying down between the rails of the Santa Fe track. Thirty cars passed over her, denuding the body and cutting off the arms and legs. The woman was not known hereabouts. Her clothing was of fine texture and fashionably made.

"Sooners'" Sentences Commuted.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The president has commuted to six months' imprisonment in the jail at Guthrie, Ok., the sentence of one year's imprisonment in the Minnesota State penitentiary, imposed in the cases of Frank H. Woodruff, William H. Shirley, Andrew B. Woodruff, Henry L. McCullough, William B. Stewart, and James L. Wallis, each of whom was convicted of perjury in the "sooner" land cases.

The Panama Canal Scandal.

PARIS, Jan. 3.—Figaro says that the next batch of persons selected by the government for prosecution for complicity in the Panama affair includes four more members of the chamber of deputies and an ex-minister. Figaro also says it is reported that M. Floquet, president of the chamber of deputies, will withdraw from parliament in consequence of the connection of his name with the scandal.

Explosion in Front of Blaine's House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—An explosion, followed quickly by the rattling sound of falling iron, occurred Monday in front of the residence of ex-Secretary Blaine on, Lafayette square. The report did not disturb Mr. Blaine, who was asleep at the time. It was caused by gas and electricity coming in contact, and blew of a few manhole covers in the vicinity.

Wintry Weather in England.

LONDON, Jan. 3.—The weather in and about London has been very wintry for several days past and much ice has formed in the Thames. Traffic above and below London bridge is seriously impeded by pack ice. Upper reaches of the river are frozen over and further obstruction to navigation is expected when the ice breaks up and floats down the river.

Killed by an Exploding Shotgun.

MONTPELIER, Ind., Jan. 3.—William Mountain, while hunting Saturday, had his jugular vein severed by a piece of the barrel from an exploded shotgun. The piece struck him just under the chin, almost severing his head from his body. Death resulted within a few minutes.

Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—The sheriff has closed up the two retail clothing store of Marcus Sherman. The assets and liabilities are each about $25,000. The establishment of the second store, which proved a losing venture and ate up the profits of the old store, caused the failure.

LOCKED UP IN A VAULT.

Bold Feat of Two Masked Robbers in Wisconsin.

LOOTING OF A COUNTY TREASURY.

Five Thousand Dollars the Reward of the Thieves—The Treasurer Informed That a Close Mouth Would Keep His Head on His Shoulders—Gagged, Bound and Then Shut Up in the Vault—A Lucky Engagement to Tea—No Clew to the Robbers.

VIROQUA, Wis., Jan. 3.—One of the boldest robberies in the history of western Wisconsin took place here Saturday night. County Treasurer John C. Johnson was overpowered by two masked men while in his office in the court house, thrown in the vault, and not found until four hours after the robbery. Not since the lynching of Grandstaff for the murder of the Drake family has the city been so thoroughly excited. Should the robbers be caught they would be in luck if they escaped alive. Mr. Johnson and his younger brother remained in the court house quite late Saturday evening in order to close up the work of the office, as that was the last day of Mr. Johnson's term. There was in the vault something over $5,000 in cash.

Left in the Office Alone.

During the afternoon Mr. Johnson had his final settlement with the finance committee of the county board, and was all ready to turn over his books. The treasurer and his brother finished their work at a few minutes after 6 o'clock and put on their coats to leave. As they were leaving the office Mr. Johnson said he must remain long enough to acknowledge the receipt of some money which had come in and had been missed in the hurry. His brother went on to town, leaving the treasurer at work. This was the last seen of him until after 10 o'clock, when he was found nearly dead in the vault by friends who had become alarmed at his absence.

Had Good Reason for Promptness.

When Mr. Johnson had recovered enough to speak he told the following story: His brother had not more than left the building when he heard footsteps coming through the hall and there was a pull at his office door, which was locked. Thinking his brother had returned for something, he stepped to the door, unlocked it and found himself confronted by two masked men with revolvers drawn, who commanded him to "keep his head shut or have it blown off." He promptly complied with the order. He was next forced to unlock the heavy vault door, then the large safe and the combination on the safe-deposit box within.

Nearly Strangled Him Next.

This done, Mr. Johnson was nearly strangled by having a handkerchief forced into his mouth and another put over his mouth and tightly tied on the back of his head. His hands were drawn behind his back and securely bound with strong cord. The money, between $4,000 and $5,000, was hastily removed and stowed away in the overcoat pockets of the plunderers. Five hundred dollars, which by oversight had not been placed in the safe when the treasurer closed the office, was in an open box in plain sight, and remained untouched. The booty bagged, the desperadoes closed the vault door on Johnson and made their exit from the office, locking the door and taking the key with them.

He Was Wanted at Tea.

As he did not come Mrs. Johnson returned home at 9 o'clock. Not finding her husband she became alarmed and notified the relatives, who began a search. The city was scoured for the missing man, and the county buildings gone through without any trace of him being found. Finally the treasurer's office was visited a second time. A thumping on the outside of the vault door brought a faint response from within, and Johnson's brother hurriedly found the combination. There, on the concrete floor, lay the treasurer, weak and exhausted. He was untied and assisted out into the office. So far no clew has been found to the robbers. The fact that they had four hours' start and lack of any good description render the chance of their capture extremely slim.

Chicago Begins Pretty Well.

CHICAGO, Jan. 3.—Because his employer, one John Paul, a shoemaker of 105 South Halsted street, refused to pay his wages when he asked for the money, Matthias Hansen went into the shoe shop armed with a knife and an iron last and proceeded to destroy the stock and wreck the furniture. Mrs. Paul and her son hearing the noise, ran into the shop and were attacked by Hansen. He struck the woman on the head with the last, stabbed her in the back of the neck and knocked the boy senseless by a blow on the head. Both were so badly hurt that their injuries will probably prove fatal.

Hoosier Solons Gathering.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 3.—Candidates for speaker of the lower house of the legislature have taken rooms at the hotels, and a number of the members-elect have arrived to attend the session, which opens on Thursday. The candidates are apparently confident of success, and the contest promises to be very close between James Curtis, of this city, and Frank Ader, of Putnam county.

Bragg's Compact Forces.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 3.—The legislature opens Jan. 11, and the interest is in the United States senatorship. The candidates are: John L. Mitchell, of Milwaukee; Colonel J. H. Knight, of Ashland, and General Bragg. Bragg has a nucleus of about a third of the Democratic members, and a good nucleus, as his friends are some of the doughtiest political warriors of the party.

Terrible Accident Averted.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Dec. 30.—The ferry steamer Hite while fighting ice on her first trip to Louisville Friday morning, lost her rudder and became helpless, drifting toward the falls. A panic ensued among the passengers and great crowds gathered on shore at the sound of the distress whistle. Just in time the helpless boat was caught by a tug and a bad catastrophy averted.

Rosecrans in California.

RODONDO, Dec. 30.—General W. S. Rosecrans, register of the treasury, arrived here from Chicago Thursday. The trip was uneventful. The general stood the trip remarkably well and is looking strong. Rodondo will be his home intil he returns to Washington.

The Markets.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Today being the legal New Year's holiday the exchanges were all closed and there are no market reports.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of General Interest from Here and There.

The Woman's College of Baltimore is among the institutions whose growth becomes noteworthy. It now has invested $1,000,000 in buildings and furniture, and $2,000,000 more is wanted.

The Empress of Austria is reputed to be the best royal housekeeper in Europe.

James Whitcomb Riley served an apprenticeship as a house painter.

Bishop Doane is to have a carved wood throne in the cathedral at Albany. It is the gift of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, and is said to be the finest thing of the kind in America. The wood is black oak, and the throne is twenty-two feet high.

Mrs. Russell, aged 14, has secured a divorce from her husband, aged 50, at Victoria, B. C.

William Mitchell, aged 73 years, was struck by a train near Baldwin, Ia., and killed.

Mrs. A. S. Oakley of Newburg owns the village street roller and sprinkler business of that town. She has conducted it for seventeen years. Mrs. Oakley superintends the work herself and does her own collecting.

An Indian girl student at Haskell, Kan., institute is named Jenny One Feather.

Anna Kenner of Zanesville, O., who was deserted by her lover, took paris green and will die.

James Duffy was arrested at Parkersburg, W. Va., for the murder of his mother-in-law at Cairo, the same state.

John Hall has eloped with 15-year-old Lillie Herman from Knightsville, Ind. The father of the girl is in pursuit.

While hunting rabbits near Battle Creek, Mich., Hoffman Miner, a young farmer of Leroy, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother.

John Jackson, hurt in a Christmas night fight at Columbus, O., is dead, and Edward O'Harra, who was hit with a brick, cannot survive.

For commenting on a shot in a pool game at Crawfordsville, Ind., Cal Wilson, a negro, was hit over the head with billard cue by Henry McNamee. Wilson will die.

A very aristocratic dog, a St. Bernard, valued at $5,000, has reached Germantown, Pa., from York, England. The animal is named Eboracum, which is the ancient Latin name of his native town, and is the property of Mrs. F. Smythe.

* * *

James Morgan and Willie Weeger were sentenced to life imprisonment by the district court in Devil's Lake, N. D., for highway robbery, and John Conley and Harry Fee were sentenced to three years and a half for grand larceny.

George McInality of Christian county, Ills., was arrested in Decatur, Ills., on a charge of abducting Miss Nora Heisby, the 15-year-old daughter of Joseph Heisby. The couple had left Christian county together for the purpose of getting married.

Bob Richardson, confined in the county jail at Fort Dodge, Ia., for larceny, loosened the heavy pins that held the only door between him and liberty and made his escape.

L. T. Truax, principal of the South Bethany, Ind., schools, died from the effects of a pistol shot fired accidentally by Charles Seal.

The 8-year-old daughter of George Elliott, who lives near Burnsville, Ind., was burned to death. Her dress in some way caught fire.

Wesley Shotts and William Pyle are wealthy farmers of Montgomery county, Ind. Shotts has sued Pyle for $5,000 for alienating his wife's affections.

Governor Pifer has pardoned Elmer Smith, who was convicted in Lawrence county, Ills., in 1891 of larceny and sentenced to the reform school at Pontiac for two years.

The Masonic fraternity of Oshkosh, Wis., has dedicated a temple that cost $60,000. It is reputed to be the finest in the state. Frank Master Fred Ring of La Crosse presided.

A. Byerly went to bed at the Laclede hotel at Ottumwa, Ia., and got up to turn on the electric light, but turned on the gas instead. He was found dead in his room next morning.

W. K. Murphy, J. Van Clooster and Joseph B. Gill have been authorized to organize the Murphysboro Savings bank at Murphysboro, Jackson county, Ills., with a capital stock of $25,000.

S. C. Hayes was arrested at St. Louis charged with stealing nine carloads of Texas cattle bearing the "Hash Knife" brand. He had offered them for sale at the yards.

* * *

The next quarterly meeting of the Chicago Railroad association will be held Jan. 3. The business to be attended to is the revision of the quarterly rate sheets.

Miss Miller, the sister-in-law of Thomas A. Edison, while in Paris allowed the shah of Persia to know that she did not care to meet him under any circumstances.

At a depth of 2,220 feet at Manistee, Mich., a streram of strong smelling water of intense bitterness was opened up, which a local chemist who analyzed it claims contains over 5 per cent. of bromide.

Ex-Congressman William H. Kitchin and Robert V. Vance of North Carolina will both be members of the next general assembly of that state.

State Senator Veatch of Oregon asserts that he gathered from his garden on Dec. 1 twigs of raspberry vines upon which were blossoms and ripe berries.

Dr. Carver and his ten Sioux Indians had a hard time of it in Hartford. The hotelkeepers refused to entertain the aborigines and after wardering about town half the night in the cold they were finally obliged to bunk in the theater where they performed.

The oldest woman in Canada is a Scotswoman, a Mrs. McNair of Godmanchester, about sixty miles from Montreal. She is 110 years of age and yet possesses her faculties, except those of hearing and memory.

D. W. Cooke has been appointed assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western road, to take effect Jan. 1.

The West Publishing company of St. Paul has sued the Lawyers' Co-operative Publishing company of Rochester, N. Y., for $300,000 damages for alleged infringement of copyright.

Miss Helen Gould figured pleasantly as the donor of a Christmas dinner and tree to the children of New York's Home for the Friendless.

Damage suits will be begun against Siemon Bros. of Fort Wayne, Ind., by the relatives of Mrs. Swaidner and Mrs. Noonan, killed by an elevator accident in the Siemon store.

Mrs. Noble, wife of the secretary of the interior, has a way of writing postal cards to herself one day as reminders of special duties to which she needs to give attention on the next. She employs for this purpose abbreviated memoranda intelligible only to the writer.

* * *

A dispatch from Philadelphia states that President McLeod denies that there is any truth in the story that the Reading Railroad company would issue $10,000,000 additional preferred bonds.

The World's fair hotel and boarding bureau, an organization to care for visitors to the World's fair, in which a large number of terminal roads are interested, will establish its permanent general offices Jan. 3 in the Temple Court building, Jackson and Quincy streets, Chicago. Secretary Lewis W. Cass will act as general manager.

The cattle plague has been doing fearful havoc all over Japan. Milk is becoming a scarcity, and beef as sold in the markets cannot be partaken of without considerable risk.

Joseph Urban's jewelry store at Vandalia, Ills., was robbed of $1,000 worth of jewelry and silverware by unknown thieves.

They are talking in Washington of pensioning Jefferson Davis' widow; not, however, for his services to the Confederacy, but on account of his imprisonment in the Mexicon war.

Mr. Grant of Eaglesport, Pa., got drunk, discarded his boots and walked two miles in the snow and now his feet have been amputated and he may die.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany decorated the Christmas tree with their own hands. The festivities were held in the new palace at Potsdam. The trees, loaded with all the beautiful decorations such as one sees in no country but Germany, will be sent to the hospitals of Berlin.

In anticipation of the rush to the World's fair there is a great demand for berths on all the Atlantic liners running to this country.

The heaviest man in congress is John W. Rife of Pennsylvania. A special chair is provided for him.

Cleveland was the only president to deliver his inauguration address extempore. Fillmore made no inaugural. Garfield was the first president to make any political speeches in a foreign tongue. German was used.

George M. Bowen, an abstracter, was caught stealing $25 from the vault in the county treasurer's office at Leavenworth, Kan. Friends made the amount good.

* * *

The Lotus club of New York will give a dinner to Mayor Gilroy on Saturday evening, Jan. 14.

The richest woman in the world, Donna Isadora Cousino of South America, from her coal mines alone is said to have an income of $80,000 per month. She has been a widow for ten years.

At a charity bazar in Vienna an Englishman offered $5,000 for a single kiss from the Marchioness of Pallaviccini. He got it and planked down a £1,000 Bank of England note to pay for it.

R. Henry Taylor, who is said to have invented baby carriages, was found by the Waltham, Mass., police the other day in a starving and mentally unbalanced condition.

President Diaz is said to own shares in every railroad, telegraph, telephone and electric light company in Mexico.

Captain Hains, the commodore of the Cunard fleet, wound up his brilliant service on the old Etruria by beating the City of Paris, and will now be promoted to the command of the new monarch of the seas, the Campania.

Commissioner Brennan, New York's head street cleaner, has been allowed $2,192,000 to clean Gotham's streets next year.

William Simmons of Hillsboro, Ill., has a well-developed case of the glanders. It is thought the disease was contracted by Simmons in drinking from a pail out of which a glandered horse had drunk.

Pope Leo XIII owns a pearl left him by his predecessor on the throne of St. Peter, which is worth £20,000, and the chain of thirty-two pearls owned by the Empress Frederick is estimated at £35,000.

An eighty-barrel oil well was struck four miles north of Portland, Ind.

Mrs. Mary Hodge of Roseville, O., stood too near the grate. She was 60 years old.

Edward Gardner, a Big Four watchman at Marion, Ind., was killed by a Clover Leaf train.

Jacob Houser of Bloomington, Ill., has begun suit against the Big Four for $8,000 damages because of injuries received through the carelessness of the road's employes.

* * *

Engineer Stone, Brakeman Swearingen, and Fireman Fuller, who were injured in the Rock Island railway wreck at Troy Junction, Kas., are dead.

Fritz Rosenthrader, while drunk, crawled into his father-in-law's cottonseed house at Brennan, Tex., and froze to death—an unusual occurrence for southern Texas.

A warrant has been issued for Grand Lane, who was married at Streator, Ills., on Christmas Eve, on the charge of bigamy. Lane is said to have sold a cow belonging to his first wife to pay the expenses of his second marriage.

Bromley & Ingledue, shoe dealers at Marshalltown, Ia., have assigned, with liabilities of $40,000. W. Brill & Co., jewelers at LaPorte, Ind., have failed. Liabilities $25,000.

Ex-Senator Palmer has sold his famous log cabin farm near Detroit to a syndicate headed by Senator McMillan. The price paid was $1,200,000.

The proposal for underground rapid transit has for the time being been killed in New York, and the rapid transit commission of that city offered the franchise to the highest bidder last Thurday. A bid of $1,000 was rejected.

Governor-elect Nelson, of Minnesota, will follow the custom of a large majority of his Republican predecessors and give no inaugural ball.

Three of the largest lumber companies in Pueblo, Colo.—the R. W. English Lumber company, the W. J. Earckson Lumber company, and the firm of Mullinx & Campbell—have consolidated under the style of the Pueblo Lumber and Manufacturing company with a capital of $200,000.

John L. Sullivan is going into tragedy next season.

Five deputy United States marshals, who have been making many arrests of moonshiners recently, were captured by a crowd of illicit distillers in Alabama and taken to the mountains, where the intention was to lynch them. A dozen other deputies heard of the trouble and arrived just in time to save them.

In the house of representatives the man with the largest name is Archibald Henderson Arrington Williams, of North Carolina.

Charles Milke, of Sioux City, Ia., was killed by the cars.

KILLED AT A CROSSING.

Frightful Accident at the World's Fair City.

STREET CAR STRUCK BY AN ENGINE.

Three Men and One Woman Killed and Several Persons Injured—The Street Car, Crowded with Passengers, Dragged 150 Yards Before the Engine Could Be Stopped—The List of Victims—Several Arrests Made.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—Four persons were killed and twice that number were injured Thursday morning by the collision of a Pittsburg and Fort Wayne passenger train with a heavily loaded street car at the junction of Forty-seventh and Stewart avenue. The engineer of the train and the two watchmen at the crossing are under arrest pending an investigation of the accident. The accident happened at 6:15 o'clock when the street car traffic was at its heaviest and the cars were crowded to the doorways. As the car approached the Fort Wayne tracks an engine came backing down at a rate of about fifteen miles an hour. The occupants of the engine cab did not see the car approaching the crossing and on account of the heavy coating of frost on the windows of the car the passengers did not see the engine bearing down upon them.

Dragged 150 Yards.

In an instant the engine struck the car and dragged it a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. At every foot of the distance some injury was added to those inflicted when the engine first struck the car. As fast as the injured could be assisted out of the wreckage they were removed in patrol wagons to Mercy hospital. The woman supposed to be M. Carson died on the way and her destination was changed to the county morgue. Fireman Meager of the train that did the damage and Conductor O'Connor and Driver Stanley of the street car were also arrested. Engineer Grosscup after his arrest gave all the information he could regarding the accident. As he heard the crossing he heard the fireman cry "Stop," but he was not able to do so within the short distance. His engine, he thought, was running about fifteen miles an hour when the accident occurred. John Allbright, one of the crossing guards arrested, is the same watchman whose carelessness at the same point several months ago resulted in a similar accident and the death of two persons and the injury of others.

The Dead and Injured.

Dead: George Blaha, Fiftieth and Loomis streets, died in a saloon near the scene just after the accident; Arthur McAndrews, laborer, Forty-seventh and Wood streets; unknown man found near the body of the first victim under the tender of the engine; unknown woman, died in the patrol wagon on the way to Mercy hospital, supposed to be Mrs. Carson, as a card bearing that name was found in her pocket, body taken to the morgue.

The injured: Minnie Kunlea, 4726 Brever street, scalp and other wounds; Patrick O'Neill, 987 Forty-seventh street, right leg broken; Henry Gruber, 4447 Good street, scalp wounds and internal injuries; Helen Conway, 4445 Dearborn street, internally injured; John Bresker, 4340 Fiftieth street, injuries on head and body; William Kiser, Thirty-ninth street and Ashland avenue, left leg broken; J. J. Costello, 4238 Wentworth avenue, severe body injuries; Thomas Riordan, Forty-second and state streets, left leg broken.

The Cholera in Hamburg.

HAMBURG, Dec. 28.—Cholera continues to claim new victims here and though those attacked belong to the lower classes, the feeling of dread that warm weather will herald the approach of another season of epidemic grows in strength daily. The list of new cases and deaths is small, but it tokens that the disease is only quiescent and needs only favorable conditions to again ravage the city. The report for Tuesday shows two new patients removed to the hospital and one death.

Convention of Traveling Men.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—President G. J. Reed of Chicago called the eighteenth annual meeting of the Northwestern Traveling Men's association to order at the Palmer House Wednesday morning. About fifty members were present. President Reed in his address of welcome reviewed the year's work with satisfaction. The membership, he said, has made a gain of thirty-one names and there had been forty-six deaths, on which $175,000 in benefits had been paid.

Forced to the Wall.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 27.—The business world was startled Monday by the announcement that E. S. Corser, the veteran insurance and real estate agent, had become involved to such an extend that he must necessarily make an assignment. E. S. Corser is not the only one involved, but the firm of E. S. Corser & Co. will also make an assignment. This firm consists of Lester B. Elwood, Walter E. Badger and Justin L. Belknap, all well-known business men.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. As it continued to grow he finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by **Erysipelas.** We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with most excellent results and he has had no further trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts—E. S. Willard, "The Professor's Love Story."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Stuart Robson in "Married Life."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Evans & Hoey, "A Parlor Match."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Pauline Hall Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betweet Dearborn and Clark—"My Official Wife."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Annie Lewis in "A Nutmeg Match."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Denman Thompson.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

AFTER SEVEN CENTURIES, STILL UNCONQUERED.

In 1193, under Richard of the Lion Heart, son of Henry II, the Norman power was only feebly planted in a small section of Ireland. In 1293, under Edward I, surnamed Longshanks, it had somewhat advanced, but was confined to a very limited Pale, which had difficulty in maintaining itself against the warlike Celtic septs. In 1393, the reign of Richard II, Art MacMurrough, king of Leinster, had shut up the English power within the walls of Dublin, Waterford and a few more seaport cities. In 1493, under Henry VII, Ulster, Munster and Connacht were practically free from English rule, and the Anglo-Normans ruled the few counties of the Leinster Pale, almost free from English interference. In 1593, in the reign of Elizabeth, Hugh O'Neill, the great soldier and statesman, was actively, although secretly, preparing for that memorable revolt which came so near destroying English rule in Ireland, and the soil of Munster was still sodden with the blood shed in the Geraldine war. In 1693, the bones of Ireland's defenders were bleaching unburied on the slopes of Aughrim; the Treaty of Limerick was in process of systematic violation; the long agony of the Penal Days had begun, and Patrick Sarsfield, leading on the chivalry of France and Ireland against the army of William of Orange, "died in the arms of Victory" on the empurpled field of Landen. In 1793, partial Catholic emancipation was granted by the Irish Protestant parliament; Wolfe Tone was organizing the United Irishmen; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a member of parliament; Daniel O'Connell was a student at St. Omer's; Napoleon Bonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery; Louis XVI of France was beheaded in Paris; George Washington was president of the United States; George III sat on the throne of England; Robert Emmet and Thomas Moore were schoolboys, and Dublin was ranked among the gayest and handsomest of European capitals.

In 1893, Ireland, after a struggle, more or less severe, of more than seven centuries, destitute of flag, fleet, army, sceptre, crown, throne, parliament, president or congress, reduced to a population less than that of 1793, free in religion but chained in resources, still maintains the deathless battle against her enemy and enslaver, and has forced a large section of the British people to acknowledge her right to a distinctive nationality. The star of Home Rule rises dimly on the eastern horizon, and it may mount to the zenith, and, from that imposing height, point out with its lambent beams the cradle in which infant liberty slumbers.

This is the most prolonged struggle for an independent nationality of which history makes mention. It has survived empires, kingdoms, dynasties, schisms, treasons, apostacies! It cannot be bought into submission or scourged into silence. Its constancy appals the tyrant and animates the slave. The sound of its magical voice rises high above the wail of despair and the shriek of agony. In the words of its most brilliant modern apostle, "It is not in the language of the lawyer, or the police magistrate, that the wrongs and aspirations of an oppressed nation can be stated. For the pang with which it writhes—for the passion with which it heaves—for the chafed heart, the burning brain, the quickening pulse, the soaring soul, there is a language quite at variance with the grammar and syntax of a government. It is generous, bold and passionate. It often glows with the fire of genius, it sometimes thunders with the spirit of the prophet. It is tainted with no falsehood, it is polished with no flattery. In the desert, on the mountain, within the city—everywnere—it has spoken throughout all ages. It requires no teaching—it is the inherent and imperishable language of humanity. Kings, soldiers, judges, hangmen have proclaimed it! In pools of blood they have sought to cool and quench this fiery tongue. They have built the prison; they have launched the convict ship; they have planted the gallows tree—to warn it to be still! The sword, the sceptre, the black mask, the guillotine—all have failed."

Yes, all *have* failed. More buoyant, more united, more hopeful, more cohesive, more truly *national* in spirit than at any period since 1193, the soul of Ireland rises serenely above defeat and misfortune, and commands the prime minister of England to open the doors of her violated senate house and place the sceptre of national sovereignty in her unconquered hand. Again, in the golden words of Meagher, "the temple is there, the creed has been announced, the priests will enter and officiate. It shall be so. The spirit of nationality, rooted in Ireland's heart, is as immovable as the altar of the Druid pillared in her soil!"

IS IRELAND BEING SYSTEMATICALLY LIBELED?

It is asserted by cablegram that some of our Irish contemporaries are amazed at the accounts of disorders, faction fights, etc, telegraphed from Ireland to this country. They needn't be, however, because the British Tories, being out of power, are doing the telegraphic editing for the American market just now. All is done with a view toward discrediting the Home Rule movement in this country, and giving the American people an idea that all Irish arguments are settled finally by the shillelagh. For instance, in Tuesday's papers, there was an account of a "riot" between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites in Kilrush, which, according to the cable demon, lasted for several hours, and was signalized not alone by the smashing of heads, but also by the smashing of windows and the wrecking of houses. If these statements are fabrications, the Irish editors who have the good name of their country at heart ought to get together and protest against the libels in the interests of the Irish people. If they are correct, they ought to turn their pens unanimously against the savage ruffians who give the enemies of Irish liberty a chance to baffle it. These are times for plain speaking and writing.

ENGLAND "BLUFFED" O'CONNELL IN 1843.

Just fifty years ago, in the year of Grace 1843, Daniel O'Connell was at the zenith of his power in Ireland. It was "the Repeal Year," which did not, however, bring repeal, but fresh shackles for the Irish people. There were then close to 9,000,000 souls on Irish ground—"the finest peasantry under the sun," as "poor old Dan" used to call the stalwart tenant farmers who rallied by the million to his call at Tara, Mullaghmast and Mallow. "I see around me," the great orator used to say, "more men fitted for war than the three armies combined who fought at Waterloo!" It was true. The army was there, but the ONE MAN was wanting. All Ireland did not hold him then. Had another Wolfe Tone arisen, 1843 would have been "the Repeal Year" sure enough. But England knew Daniel O'Connell only too well. He was a lawyer, with a terror of the law. Greville, the clever English aristocrat, whose memoirs form a most interesting section of English history during the reigns of George IV, William IV and Victoria, and who was secretary of the Privy Council—a fine collection of British political sharps—repeatedly reiterates the fixed belief of his associates in the cowardice of O'Connell. Greville fully appreciates the danger to English connection in 1843, but says, consolingly, in his diary, "O'Connell is a coward." Nor did he mean merely moral cowardice, because he says in another part of his work, speaking of Richard Lalor Shiel, O'Connell and Counsellor Lawless, rather ungramatically, "*neither* O'Connell nor Shiel *are* supposed to be men of courage, but Lawless *is*." This, too, in spite of his knowledge of O'Connell's fatal duel with D'Esterre in 1815.

THE CITIZEN believes Greville was misled by his prejudices in regard to the courage of O'Connell; but that he, and the British cabinet whose secrets he knew and has recorded in his memoirs, honestly believed the Irish leader a poltroon can hardly be doubted. Otherwise, would Peel and Wellington have dared to proclaim the meeting of Clontarf? We doubt it. They were in no condition, with a small army and outdated Brown Bess—muzzle loading and insignificant in range of fire—to try the issue with those fiery millions, whose valor, trained or untrained, Wellington, at least, could appreciate. Five years later Lord John Russell threatened to proclaim a Dublin meeting at which Smith O'Brien had promised to preside, but, knowing that the noble Dalcassian would bear to be riddled with balls before surrendering his honor, the matter was not pressed, and the meeting was held as announced. In 1848, O'Connell was the mere shell of the victorious Catholic agitator of 1829. The spirit had worn the body to the outer skin, and naught remained inside but the ashes of "an extinct volcano." It was this shell which the English government conquered, not the great O'Connell of earlier years. But the knowledge of his decay, well concealed from the eyes of his people, was a terrible weapon in the hands of the enemies of Ireland. They knew their man, and the nation which had gloriously fought during six hundred years for its independence, was temporarily extinguished, without a shot being fired, by a couple of "Whereases" in the Dublin *Gazette*.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TUNNEL PANIC.

The proposition to build a railway tunnel under the English channel, from a point near Dover, in England, to a point near Calais, in France, has again been revived, and companies have been organized in both the interested countries to carry it into effect. It is claimed that the chalky character of the soil to be bored through will greatly facilitate the work; that it can be accomplished within half a dozen years from the commencement of the boring, and that the total cost will be about £16,000,000 or $80,000,000. This is by no means a new project, but when proposed hitherto the public opinion of England sat down upon it hard, and the spirit of "the inviolate isle"—all forgetful of the Saxon, Roman and Norman invasions—would brook no umbilical connection between it and Continental Europe. It is now alleged that Mr. Gladstone favors the plan, but all the admirals, generals and weak nerved people of England strongly oppose it. Gen. Wolseley is credited with saying that it would mean 200,000 additional regulars, although it is impossible to see how such a force could be useful in defending a railroad tunnel of average width, which, in case of real danger, could be blown up or flooded by a corporal's guard of engineers. A regiment, by presenting the head of column, flanked with Gatling guns, would be much more effective in point of resistance than a huge army, which would find maneuvering impossible on such a narrow front. Moreover, how could any invading force debouch from such a defile upon English soil, unless there was a general conspiracy in the army, or among the people, to welcome the invader? In transit, they could be smothered to death, with sulphuric fumes, in the long tunnel, or drowned like rats by an inflow of water, provided for by workable appliances in the English end of the great burrow.

The alarm displayed over the proposal goes to show that the English are a panicky people, when called upon to face anything to which they are unaccustomed. They have been schooled by poets into the belief that

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep—
Her march is o'er the ocean wave,
Her home is on the deep,

although everybody, who has read anything about coast defenses, knows that England is about the best fortified nation of the world on all her sea boards, and has been so since the Duke of Wellington called the attention of the government to the lack of coast fortification in 1847. Since the advent of steam navigation, "the wooden walls" have fallen into disuse, and the defense of England is quite as much committed to her earthen ramparts and "towers along the steep" as to her incomparable fleet. But insularity is a superstition of the English mind. It is impossible to beat down by any amount of reasoning in a year or a generation, a prejudice that has lived through centuries. What says Shakespeare in one of his matchless plays?

This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of *less happier* lands!

And so, after nearly 300 years, the countrymen of the Bard of Avon still desire to preserve their insularity. The warlike breed of men who triumphed over the chivalry of France at Cressy and Poictiers, at Agincourt and Waterloo, tremble at the idea of a tunnel, which could not afford room for deployment to an ordinary sized company of soldiers in double rank, connecting their country with the land of Luxembourg, Hoche and Napoleon! The latter immortal personage would have given a good deal for the possession of the projected tunnel, when, in August, 1805, he wrote from the intrenched camp of Boulogne, when his army had England in plain view, as follows to Admiral Ganteaume:

"I have already made known to you by telegraph that it is my desire that you do not allow Villeneuve (the admiral subsequently defeated by Nelson at Trafalgar) to lose an hour, in order that, profiting by the superiority given me by fifty ships of the line, you instantly put to sea and proceed to your destination, by making sail for the (English) channel with all your forces. I reckon upon your firmness, your talents and your character, under circumstances so important. Set out and come hither! We will take vengeance (on England) for six centuries of insults and disgrace! Never have any soldiers or sailors exposed their lives for a grander object" (the invasion and conquest of England.)

To Villeneuve on the same day, Aug. 22, 1805, he wrote:

"I hope, Vice Admiral Villeneuve, that you are at Brest! Set out, lose not a moment, bring my united squadrons into the channel, AND ENGLAND IS OURS! We are all ready, everything is embarked. Be here for but TWENTY-FOUR HOURS and all is ended.

NAPOLEON."

But Villeneuve came not. He awaited his doom at Cadiz, and the naval fool killer, Lady Hamilton's fiery paramour, was already hunting for his prey all over the wide ocean. The masterful intrigues of that great statesman and scoundrel, William Pitt, raised Austria and Russia in arms behind the conqueror of Marengo. The Army of England, as if by magic, was transferred from the heights of Boulogne to the banks of the Danube, and Gen. Mack surrendered his army to Napoleon at Ulm, on the same day that the unfortunate Villeneuve gave up his conquered sword to Nelson's successor, Collingwood, at Trafalgar!

ALD. MADDEN EXPLAINS.

THE CITIZEN has received the following letter from Ald. M. B. Madden, of the Fourth ward:

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—*John F. Finerty, Editor of The Citizen, Dear Sir:* I notice in the editorial columns of your paper of Dec. 31, 1892, that I am charged with the introduction of an ordinance to permit the Chicago City Railway Company to lay tracks on Thirty-fifth street, from State street to Rhodes avenue, and that too without seeking the consent of the interested property owners. Your well known sense of fairness would, I know, deter you from making this broad statement, if the facts in the case were before you.

The ordinance was not introduced by me, and I never made any effort to secure its passage. The petition of a majority of the holders of property fronting on the street between the points named, was presented with the ordinance, which was introduced by Ald. Burke—now deceased—a copy of each of which I herewith send you. Ald. Burke, as you know, represented the residents of Thirty-fifth and contiguous streets from Stewart avenue to California avenue, all of whom were anxious to have the ordinance passed.

After making an examination of the petitions and learning therefrom that a majority of those owning property on Thirty-fifth street between Rhodes avenue and State street wanted the ordinance, I made no objection to its passage. I never saw a protest against it. There never was one filed. Hence the very reasonable presumption that the petition represented the wishes of my constituents.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I acted in good faith, and I believe that you will agree with me, when you have examined the accompanying papers. Yours very truly,

M. B. MADDEN.

THE CITIZEN thinks that Ald. Madden is mistaken as regards the petition for the surrendering of the street to the City Rrilway Company having been signed by a resident majority of the property holders on Thirty-fifth street, between State street and Rhodes avenue. Many of those who signed are holders of *unimproved* ground. If he never *heard* a protest against it, then he never came in contact with that energetic citizen of the Fourth ward, his constituent, Mr. J. P. Olinger, who is one of the heaviest property owners on the boulevarded portion of Thirty-fifth st eet. But it is not, as we said in a previous article, Thirty-fifth street alone that would be injuriously affected by the building of the electric street railway, but also the northern portion of Grand boulevard and the well paved, handsome streets adjacent to it. The rights of the property holders on these thoroughfares should receive equitable consideration. Why make a particular "dead set" on the boulevarded portion of Thirty-fifth street? Why did not the railway company secure right of way before it was boulevarded, and before the Grand boulevard people and others bought their property in good faith? Are there not plenty of unboulevarded streets on which "loops" might be constructed if the City Railway Company is so hard up for a thoroughfare? Ald. Burke represented the Fifth ward. Is it proper that the vested rights of the citizens of the Fourth ward, who are the constituents of Aldermen Madden and Hepburn, should be sacrificed, or, at least, jeopordized, in the interest of another constituency? The interests of neighboring wards, like the interests of neighboring States, may clash occasionally. The primary duty of the Fourth ward aldermen is to defend their home constituency against all comers, and we hope that, in future, this rule will be observed by them. They should have a natural pride in defending the finest driveway in the world from mutilation by a greedy railway corporation, or any other power of darkness that may assail it. The contemplated vandalism ought to be baffled forever by the repeal of the unjust and ill considered ordinance of the late Ald. Burke, for which Ald. Madden and Hepburn voted. This is about the only *amende* they can make under the circumstances. Ald. Madden has no hesitation in saying to complaining property holders that he does not blame them for kicking; that their property would be seriously damaged, and so on, but the best thing he can do is to have the ordinance repealed. Notwithstanding his belief in the innocuousness of the Burke ordinance, which he has expressed verbally to ourselves, he should remember that corporations when they get an inch always take an ell and cry, like Oliver Twist, for "more."

COL. BURKE AND GEN. M'VEAGH.

Col. Santiago Hernandez De Burgo, commonly called James H. Burke, superintendent of streets, has a happy knack of executing a crawfish movement, without straining his muscles to any perceptible extent. This is a feat that requires great natural gifts, as well as extensive practice, and Col. Burke has certainly acquitted himself to public satisfaction. Doubt the sincerity of the mayor? Perish the thought! He only meant to prove his fidelity to his chief in the few little remarks he made relative to "reform" and street-cleaning to a reporter who labored under the impression that he knew the American language as well at least as Col. Burke. In this the reporter was apparently presumptuous. The campaign against adhesive mud, and fœtid swill boxes, has begun, and Col. Burke, shovel in hand, stands behind Gen. Franklin MacVeagh, who recently, at Central Music Hall, organized a Broom Brigade, consisting of half a hundred courageous citizens, for street-cleaning duty. The following lines are attributed to the pen of Col. Burke, who has great admiration for Gen. MacVeagh and his gallant army of silk-stockings:

CHARGE OF THE HALF HUNDRED.

Half an hour, half an hour
Half an hour, sunward,
All at the break of day
Rose the Half Hundred;
Led by the bowld MacVeagh,
All at the break of day,
Through street and alleyway
Groped the Half Hundred.

"Forward the Broom Brigade!
Charge for the swill!" he said:
Was there a Dude dismayed?
Citizens wondered.
"Charge for the smelly swill!
Charge like a plumber's bill!"
Right through the alleys vile
Into each garbage pile,
Charged the Half Hundred.

Flashed all their brooms in air,
Gleamed all their shovels bare,
Lord! how the dudes did swear!
Fifty they numbered;
Cheered by the grocer man,
Barrel and packing-can
Fast from their onset ran.
What could their shock withstan'?
Fiery Half Hundred!

O'er egg shells and orange peel,
Rank cheese and moldy meal,
(While the sacred rodents squeal)
Onward they thundered:
Forward they went pell mell,
Charging with shout and yell,
"Jimminy! what a smell!
Is this the hob of hell?"
Cried the Half Hundred.

Who e'er so brave as they?
(Not Murat, nor Lannes, nor Ney)
Led by the bowld MacVeagh
On still they thundered:
Reckless of lungs and nose,
Dress-coat and silken hose—
Dead cats and rats their foes—
What hand can paint their woes,
Dainty Half Hundred?

Ne'er did their courage quail,
Who dare their fame assail
Thro' ages unnumbered?
Cheer for the bowld MacVeagh,
Chief of that fragrant fray:
Back-street and alleyway,
Cholera cumbered,
Long shall ye chant his praise,
Cleanser of putrid ways!
May he in length of days
Head his Half Hundred!

THE DEVIL OF DIALECTICISM.

Of all the pests that afflict modern literature the American dialectic "poet" is the worst. There is something broad and masculine about the "brogue" of the English "shires," of the Scotch lowlands and the Irish counties, but there is neither strength, nor grace, nor music in the backwoods and Hoosier farm dialect of this country. There is no genius in making "ter" and "tu," and "keow" and "orter" and "kind uv" and "Mariar" respectable and perpetual, and THE CITIZEN cannot understand the rage of a certain element of the American people for this kind of "poetry," of which, by the way, James Whitcomb Riley, an "Irish Yankee," if names go for anything, is the living high priest. He has, at least, a hundred bad imitators scattered throughout the country. He and they are ironically called "humorists." The premature death of Artemus Ward was a blessing in disguise to the literature of this country. His most successful copyist, Petroleum V. Nasby, or D. R. Locke, also died somewhat prematurely—a worthy man enough, but an awful conspirator against the language of his native land. We bear no ill toward James Whitcomb Riley, but if, tomorrow, we should hear of his translation to a better world, we would heave a sigh of relief and bless our stars that, after a brief revival of the linguistic horrors of his, in the literary sense, guilty life, we would be forever freed from the dire chance of again running across his tongue tied, nose ejected rhymes in the public prints. But Mr. Riley, although very bad, is endurable beside those who have caught up his discordant slang and dashed it into the faces of the public, through the base compliance of editors recruited from the stubblefields, trained to the music of conch shells, accustomed to the aristocracy of blue jeans, and "raised" on a never-ending diet of hog and hominy. No people speak better English than the educated portion of the American people, but no section of the human family can preserve a decent tongue as long as the frightful solecisms of the backwoods are tolerated, and even lionized, in our newspapers and periodicals. Let us, therefore, pray for the speedy recovery of James Whitcomb Riley and his like from the disease of dialecticism, and hope that a forgiving deity may not visit him and them with a sudden and awful taking off.

MORTAL "LOYALIST": IMMORTAL "REBEL."

"Who Fears to Speak of '98?" the most famous song of the Young Ireland epoch, has now reached the fiftieth year of its age. It appeared in the Dublin *Nation* when "the three Ds," Davis, Duffy, and Dillon, edited it, in 1843. Its author was a young Protestant student of "T.C.D.," John Kells Ingram, who has, apparently, outlived the sentiment so powerfully expressed in his noble song, which, even at this day, thrills the heart of every true Irishman to the inmost core. Ingram, now in his old age, is a professor in "Old Trinity." He has seen Michael Joseph Barry and John O'Hagan, who, like himself, wrote stirring rebel poetry, and who, like him also, lived to feel the fire and fervor of patriotism die within them, pass to their account. Little that they wrote will long survive their dust: but, while the Irish race maintains any part of its distinctiveness, the song of Ingram will "vibrate through the world."

Who that has seen in old St. Paul's churchyard, facing Broadway, New York, near the Astor House, the obelisks that arise to Thomas Addis Emmet and William J. M'Nevin, both of the supreme council, or directory, of the United Irishmen in 1798, has not been thrilled by the lines—

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home?

And who that has dropped the tear of sensibility over the leaden coffin which contains the relics of dauntless Lord Edward, on the charnel floor of St. Werburgh's vaults in Dublin; or visited the graves of the Sheares and Robert Emmet—for the young hero really belonged to '98 as well as to 1803—in St. Michan's, or pressed the shamrocks that gem the mound which covers the dust of Wolfe Tone in Bodenstown churchyard on "the plains of Kildare" has not uttered to himself the companion verse—

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part?

What a burst of hope, of warning and adjuration there is in the concluding stanza of this rebel lyric—

Then here's their memory, may it be
For us a guiding light—
To cheer our strife for liberty
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate,
And true men be you, men,
Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

It is impossible to believe that the man who wrote that stanza can have lost the soul that inspired the glory of his youth. The aged "loyalist" will pass into oblivion; but the fiery gospel of his rebel muse will forever illumine the name and the fame of John Kells Ingram.

RECENT APPOINTMENTS.

The following recent appointments to bailiffships have been made by Sheriff Gilbert: Harry T. Fitzgibbon, of the Twelfth ward, for Judge Goggin; Peter F. Ronayne, of the Fourteenth ward, for Judge Dunne; Christian Leyhe, of the Twenty-ninth ward, for Judge Stein; James Sheehan, of the Fifth ward, for Judge Windes. Captain Lawrence B. Buckley, of the Nineteenth ward, has been appointed a deputy by Coroner McHale.

OFFICERS OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

The Democrats, who have a working majority in both senate and house at Springfield, have selected the following officers:

SENATE—President pro tempore, Senator Coppinger; secretary, Enis E. Downing, of Cass; first assistant, E. F. Kimball, of Macoupin; second assistant, R. S. Bayne, of Marshall; sergeant-at-arms, Robert H. Davis, of Greene; first assistant, Edward Bowan, of Macon; second assistant, Robert Welch, of Cook; postmaster, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, of Sangamon; assistant, Miss Mary E. Turner, of Coles; enrolling and engrossing clerk, Frederick J. Kern, of St. Clair; first assistant enrolling and engrossing clerk, Harvey F. Jones, of Clinton; second assistant, C. A. Loveland, of Montgomery.

HOUSE—Speaker, Clayton E. Crafts, of Cook; clerk, R. W. Ross, of Vandalia; first assistant clerk, W. F. Hardy, of Champaign; second assistant clerk, W. B. Morris, of Champaign; third assistant clerk, J. E. Vail, of McDonough; bill clerk, Harry Lichenberg, of Stephenson; doorkeeper, E. S. Browne, of La Salle; first assistant doorkeeper, John Sommers, of Cook; second assistant

doorkeeper, John McDarragh, of Rock Island; third assistant doorkeeper, B.W. Rives, of Kankakee; enrolling and engrossing clerk, W. A. Simonson, of Lee; first assistant enrolling and engrossing clerk, Adam Gard, of Clark; assistant postmaster, Miss Katharine Gallagher, of Springfield.

HEREBY HANGS A TAIL.

Coachman Leddy, employed by J. W. Doane, the big grocer, was held in $200 bail by Justice Bradwell on Wednesday for docking the tails of his employer's horses, contrary to humane principles and American customs. Several horse doctors, jockeys and generals testified that "docking" the tail improved the intellect of the horse, and gave him a good appetite for his meals. Mr. Alexander Sullivan, for the defense, made an able and eloquent speech, in which he quoted Darwin to prove that the higher the order of animal, the less generous the proportion of tail. Happy, therefore, are those who can say "there are no tails on us." Notwithstanding the eloquence of Mr. Sullivan, the Justice looked with a severe brow on Mr. Leddy, Mr. Doane's top-booted familiar, who attempted to introduce "blasted British" customs into this blooming land. Evidently Judge Bradwell had in mind the trenchant lines of the poet—

Next to man without a wife,
Or a ship without a sail,
The oldest thing in life
Is a "hoss" without a tail.

By an explosion of natural gas in the basement vaults of Donahoe & Hemmeberry's great printing and publishing establishment on Dearborn street, Wednesday afternoon, Chief Fire Marshal Denis J. Swenie, of this city, and about twenty firemen were more or less seriously injured, as were also half a dozen employes of the firm. It is said that the disaster resulted from some bungling on the part of men in the employ of the natural gas company, who were trying to supply the boiler plant with fuel. Damage to building, about $20,000.

THE Americus Club gave its second reception of the season last week at Spelz's Hall, Clark and Halsted streets. Fifty couples were present, and dancing commenced at 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Donnell led the grand march.

OUR journalistic friend Governor-Senator-Minister-Colonel "Gil" Pierce—formerly of the *Inter-Ocean* editorial force—has been appointed minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Portugal. We congratulate him. Exit Colonel "Gil" singing—

Now, brave boys I'm off for marching—
Off to Portugal and Spain—
Colors flying, drums a beating,
Divil a home I'll go again!
So, love, fare you well!

GOVERNOR ALTGELD has decided to admit the fine regiment of Hibernian Rifles, of this city, into the Illinois National Guard. The Governor is both just and sensible in doing this. His action will add to the force of state troops a stalwart, well trained and ambitious body of young men, who will reflect credit on the military profession. The regiment will be brigaded with the other Chicago militia organizations.

TWENTY men were killed Wednesday at Bakersville, Mitchell county, N.C., in a fight between a sheriff's posse and a party of lynchers, in which the latter were victorious. Desperate courage was shown on both sides. Sheriff Moomaw is among the slain, and the trouble is not yet ended.

BERNARD NULTY, clerk of the Essex county Board of Health, and a widely known Irish patriot, died in Newark, N. J., on the 29th ult. Mr. Nulty was a life long friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly and was the founder of the first branch of the Fenian Brotherhood. He was one of those mainly instrumental in sending the whaling ship Catalpa to aid the escape of the Fenian prisoners from Fremantle prison. Besides being a member of numerous Irish, military and benevolent societies, Mr. Nulty was for twenty years a member of the First Regiment, N. G. N. J. The immediate cause of his death was cancer of the brain.

THE funeral of the late Father B. P. McMenomy, of St. Francis Xavier church, Council Bluffs, Ia., took place on Tuesday. There were over 100 priests from abroad in attendance. Rev. Father O'Brien, of Dunlap, delivered the funeral sermon.

THE Irish National League of Great Britain, a Parnellite body, has issued a statement strongly denouncing the explosion in the detective office at Dublin as a savage dynamite outrage, aimed to wreck the hopes of Ireland. The League expresses an earnest hope that the perpetrators will be speedily detected.

ALD. MEADE, recently elected lord mayor of Dublin, was inaugurated on Tuesday, "with all the ancient ceremonies," which means a procession, lots of stuff and nonsense, mummery and garish display—essentially Saxon and Norman, not Irish. The lord mayor of London, the first Catholic elected to that office since the "Reformation," accompanied the Dublin magnate in a carriage to the Mansion House. We are informed that the people showed great enthusiasm and did lots of cheering, particularly for the English visitor. Well, well, hospitality never hurts anybody, and the Irish are, naturally, the reverse of churlish. At the same time, THE CITIZEN is pleased to observe that at a banquet given by the Nationalist mayor of Limerick to "the Parnellites, anti-Parnellites and priests"—so runs the cablegram—the usual toasts to the Queen, etc, were omitted. The Queen of England has never done anything for Ireland that she should be toasted, except, perhaps, by Old Nick.

A GAME of football for the championship will be played here next summer by picked representatives from the Gaelic Athletic Association of New York and a select team from the Illinois Gaelic Athletic organization. Preliminaries are being arranged between President Kavanagh of New York and Mr. F. J. Ryan of this city.

THE innumerable friends of Mr. George Schneider, president of the National Bank of Illinois, will be rejoiced to learn that he has almost completely recovered from his recent serious illness.

SHERIFF GILBERT does not appear to have lost anything by yielding to the new county board the custody of the county building. At Friday's session of that body, the Sheriff was allowed 25 cents per diem, per caput, for boarding prisoners in the county jail. The new board evidently cares little for money but a great deal for patronage. THE CITIZEN supposes it acts on the principle that exchange is no robbery.

THE will of the late J. J. Phelan, of San Francisco, was filed for probate in that city on Friday week, and leaves the bulk of the estate to the widow and three children. The family residence and other property with $30,000 a year are left to the widow. The specific bequests of real property are made to the two daughters, and $50,000 to various Catholic institutions. The residue is to be divided among the children. The estate is valued at several million dollars.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C.H." City—Obituary notices of Mr. Patrick Woods and Mr. John Fanning too late for insertion this week.

"P.C." Fairbault, Minn.—The Murphy you mean and the Murphy that Cleveland doesn't want to be senator from New York, are not related so far as we know.

MISS M. GALLERY'S DEBUT.

Miss Gallery, daughter of Mr. D. J. Gallery, No. 260 LaSalle avenue, gave a reception Tuesday afternoon, from 4 to 6 o'clock, for her sister, Miss Martha Gallery, who was thus pleasantly ushered into society. The hostess received in a gown of white brocaded satin, trimmed with violet velvet. The debutante wore an empire gown of white bengaline silk trimmed with chiffon; clusters of forget-me-nots were fastened in the corsage and at the shoulders. Those pouring tea were Miss Emma Smith, in simple costume of white china silk, and Miss Adelaide Walsh, in figured china silk with velvet decorations. The receiving rooms were attractively decorated with vari-colored roses, carnations and holly. The table was beautified by a large centre piece of La France roses. Among those present were Mrs. A. Plamondon, Mrs. John A. Amberg, Mrs. Dr. J. B. Murphy, Mrs. Colonel Hennessy, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. James Walsh, Mrs. D. Quirk, Mrs. N.J. Neary, Mrs. Charles Monahan, Mrs. John P. Agnew, Misses Fay, Mrs. Hereley, Mrs. D. Murphy, Mrs. M. Sullivan, Miss Sullivan, Mrs. M.W. Kerwin, Mrs. Weadley, Mrs. Thomas Dillon, Mrs. John F. Finerty, Mrs. J. B. Lynch, Miss Teresa Lynch, Miss C. Murphy, Miss A. Walsh, the Misses Weadley, Mrs. W. O'Brien, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Conley, Mrs. J. Murray, Mrs. W. J. Hynes, Mrs. Dunne, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Darragh, Mrs. J. Sullivan, Mrs. Goodwillie, Misses Cannon, Misses Mullen, Misses Keane and many others.

OBITUARY.

JOHN A. MURPHEY, SR.

Mr. John A. Murphy, for twenty years a resident of Chicago and since 1868 a resident of LaGrange, died at his home on Wednesday from the effects of a hard fall received Friday of last week. Mr. Murphey was born in Carlow Ireland, in 1814. He came to Chicago with his parents in 1848 and immediately went into the business of furnishing supplies to the ships that then came into the river and harbor. In 1868, after acquiring a liberal fortune, he retired to his farm near LaGrange. Mr. Murphey was in excellent health until he met with his accident. The fall fractured his thigh bone and caused internal injuries from which he suffered greatly. He leaves two children John A. Murphy, Jr., a lawyer at No. 100 Washington street, and Mrs. Wirt Cornwall, of Ann Arbor, Mich. She and her husband arrived in the city Wednesday night. Mrs. Murphey died about two years ago. The funeral was held on Friday. After the services at the Catholic church, LaGrange, where the Rev. Father J. M. Hagan celebrated high mass of requiem, the funeral party was conveyed by special train to Calvary, the train stopping at the Union Depot to receive friends from the city.

MISS ANNIE M. CANE.

Miss Annie M. Cane, died on Saturday week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Cane, in Blackstone, Mass., aged 24 years. The young lady has been ill since she had an attack of the grip about two years ago, and although her death was expected, it occurred much sooner than anticipated by her afflicted family. Miss Cane was one of Blackstone's most popular young ladies. She graduated from the Blackstone high school in the class of 1885, and had been a teacher in the public schools for several years previous to her death. The whole community deplores her demise and extends to her family its sympathy. The mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. James Hurley, who also read the funeral service. St. Paul's church was filled by sorrowing friends from Baltic and Moosup, Conn., Boston, Worcester, Whitinsville, Uxbridge and Blackstone, Mass., Woonsocket and other places, all of whom came to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The pall bearers were Lawrence W. Boylan, Eugene Reilly, Thomas Bodell, Thomas Whalen, Joseph McMullen, John Donahue. The chief mourners were the bereaved mother and Messrs. Timothy, William and Patrick Cane and Miss Cane.

"KILLARNEY."

An Ideal Performance of Irish Drama.

Miss Katie Emmett, a young actress well known to Chicago theatre-goers, presented a new Irish play at the Haymarket theatre last Sunday for the first time in this city. The play is entitled "Killarney" and is from the pen of Con. T. Murphy, who is the author of several works of a similar character, and although a bit conventional, as far as the story is concerned, it is by far the best thing that has been done in this city for many a day. It tells a very pretty story of life among the middle and lower classes in Ireland of the period of 1784–85, an epoch filled with dramatic incidents of the most thrilling character, and while there are a few improbabilities in the narration of the story, its coherence and interest a e not marred by them. The heroine, Kittie Burke, is an orphan and the rightful heiress to a large estate. Martin Kavanaugh, a former partner of her father having been given the estate to hold in trust for her, yields to the solicitations of his daughter, Judith, who is ambitious to become the mistress of the estate, and turns Kittie and her grandmother out on the pretense that Kittie's father and mother were never married and she has no right to the property. He takes possession of the property himself and installs his daughter as mistress. Kittie surmises that all is not right, however, and disguised as a simple minded "gossoon," enters the service of Kavanaugh, obtains papers from his strong box that establish her claim to the property, and all ends well. In the dual role of Kittie Burke and Terry Doyle, Miss Emmett has achieved a great dramatic success, and without doubt her greatest professional triumph. She is well adapted for Irish comedy work, as her brogue and inflections of speech are perfectly natural and not in the least strained or overdrawn. She never forgets the character she has assumed, and in the role of Terry Doyle, her work stamps her as the foremost Irish comedienne of the age. Her singing is good and her dancing neat and graceful. The different Irish-American papers have been teeming with her praise for some time and her success is not to be wondered at, for it is fairly earned. Miss Emmett has a bright future before her, and we wish her every success. The supporting company is one of rare excellence. The role of Martin Kavanaugh is magnificently played by the veteran actor, George C. Boniface. He portrays the courtly old Irish gentleman, who, although acting the part of a villain, never forgets that he is a gentleman, with a grace and a finish that is a treat to behold. Frazer Coulter, an actor of rare merit, gives to the part of Felix Driscoll, a subtle and strong individuality that makes the role very strong as a foil to Miss Emmett's heroine. Judith Kavanaugh is ably portrayed by Miss Grace Thorne, and Miss Haines does some very clever work as Oma Kray. The finest bit of character acting done by any of the male portion of the cast is the "Dan Dooley" of Thaddeus Shine. The impersonation is true to life, and is one of a type that may be seen every day in our midst. There is a wonderful fund of humor in the character, of the dryest kind, and Mr. Shine certainly makes the most of it. Robert McNair might be a little less grotesque in make-up and actions, and he would lose nothing by it. His dialect could be improved upon by a little study. Taking the company as a whole, however, it is certainly unequalled in the history of the Irish drama in this country, and is an aggregation of artists that would be a credit to any class of plays.

It is not in this respect alone, however, that "Killarney" has a strong call on the support of the Irish people. Money has been evidently spent with a lavish hand on the mounting of the piece. The scenery of the piece is alone worth the price of admission. It is a triumph of the scene painter's art. Much of it has been taken from photographs of the scenery around the Lakes of Killarney and are therefore true to nature. There are a number of little effects which are an invention of the artist and do him much credit. The beautiful coloring in the old chapel scene is indescribably charming as the moonlight is thrown on it and the tapestry work on the walls of the Kavanaugh mansion is very realistic. Much more could be added about the beauties of the piece and the excellence of the performance if space would permit, but it is only necessary to say that such productions as this are the performances which are necessary to sweep the stage of the scum that has been floating on it for a long time. Irish dramas have been of such a poor class for the last few years that the American public view the advertisements of one with a feeling akin to disgust. Many of them claim to elevate the Irish character on the stage, but it is puzzling to find out where they do it. It is to be hoped that "Killarney" and pieces of its kind will create a demand for a better class of Irish plays and those of a lower grade will have to go to the wall for lack of patronage.

Cecilian Circle's Party.

The Cecilian Circle entertained the children of its members at their fourth annual Christmas party Thursday afternoon of last week at Congress hall. Fancy dancing, recitations and songs, followed by a dainty supper, were enjoyed by the 100 little people present. The guests ranged all the way from tiny tots of 2 years to the age of 15, and included: Misses Beatrice Colby, Hattie Wright, May Walsh, G. Masterson, May Chandler, Frances Sullivan, Clara Sullivan, Isabel Nuss, Lilian Rean, Frances Colby, Grace McCarthy, Mary McDonald, Evelyn Colby, Eunice Smith, Lady Ford, Laura Ford, Emma B. Lange, Messrs. Robin Sullivan, A. Channon, Richard Sullivan, D. McCarthy, Thos. Anderson, Gilbert Buhman, J. Channon, J. McCarthy, Leonard Lange, Theodore Nuss, Walter Fugate.

An interesting feature of the afternoon was the fifteen orphan boys brought by Father Mahoney from the Newsboys' Home. They were the guests of honor, and the treat was a reward of merit for good conduct.

SHERIDAN CLUB COTILLON.

The Sheridan Club gave a brilliant cotillon at their magnificent club house, Michigan avenue and Forty-first street, on Wednesday night. The rooms were beautifully festooned and decorated. The holiday ornaments of evergreen and holly were undisturbed, and the artistic decorations were increased by nodding clusters of tropical palms and groups of floral beauties distributed wherever room could be found for them. The porch had been canvased in, draped and carpeted with rugs. The dining-room was lovely in its artistic effects and handsome settings. The following gentlemen comprised the committee on entertainment: P. L. McArdle, E. J. Quinlan, W. J. Mellon, Maj. A. W. Allen and E. Bagott. About two hundred were present. Pond's orchestra furnished the music and tempted the young people to tread the mazy dance. A programme consisting of six selections was indulged in, preceding the cotillon, led by E. J. Quinlan.

Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames J. H. Birmingham, John O'Brien, J. T. Cary, J. W. McDonald, J. B. Jenkins, Goldie, O. H. Cheney, A. Cummings, D. T. Kiely, J. M. Baggott, D. Corkery, J. O'Malley. Messrs. E. M. Kelly, J. R. McAndrews, J. M. Crennan, J. E. O'Meara, Edward Doyle, E. Baggott, J. B. McManus, J. G. Clennin, George G. Cooke, J. W. Bremner, J. B. Heeney, P. L. McArdle, E. Hudson, Jr., W. F. Carroll, M. R. Healy, W. A. Thomson, J. P. McMahon, D. T. McGraw, L. T. Davis, Eugene McVoy, Charles Hickey, H. C. Wild, D. G. Bardon, Joseph S. Murphy, D. J. Young, W. F. Donohue, J. E. Coleman, R. E. Corrigan, W. A. Cummings, Thomas Carney, M. A. Donohue, M. D. Flavin, J. T. Healy, O. McCrane, J. R. Geary, W. J. Enright, J. B. Long, J. E. Murphy, F. H. Mealiff, Paul Jackson, M. Foster, W. J. O'Malley, E. Hudson, A. S. Cella, F. H. Cummings, J. Conlan, Jr. Misses Rebecca O'Brien, Kittie O'Brien, Josie Haxe, E. McAndrews, Kittie McGraw, Nellie Day, Marie Walsh, Mary McIntyre, C. Murphy, Crear, Winifrid Keary, Mabel Cooper, Kittie Loomis, Blanche Storer, Mollie Lydon, Mamie Carney, May O'Brien, Mary Sullivan, Nellie Cahill, Leonore Wild, Sadie McManus, L. McManus, Lute Bardon, Therese Bardon, Josie Murphy, Alice Mealiff, Jennie Doyle, Nellie Doyle, Nellie Stenson, Slattery, Enright, Clara Foster, Ursula Foster, T. Heeny, Frances Heeny, Neemes, J. Corrigan, A. M. Hudson, B. C. Maher, Maude Mason, Clara Mealiff, Ida Jackson, M. Bremner, Belle Hudson, Agnes Dunne, Edith Duncan, H. Donohue.

An elaborate banquet was served at 11 o'clock under the supervision of A. W. Cates, who sustained the reputation of the club in this respect.

IRISH NEWS.

Gathered From All Parts of Ireland.

Writs have been served on Very Rev. Canon, R. McLoughlin, Rev. John McDermott and Mr. P. A. McHugh, at the suit of Messrs. Sampson and Smyth, in connection with charges of proselytising in Sligo.

On Sunday week the annual sermon in aid of the sick and dying poor visited by the Sisters of Mercy and Brothers of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was preached in the Cathedral, Newry, by the Rev. Joseph Raymond Walsh, O.P.

At a meeting of the Dromahair Catholic Literary Society on Friday evening week a lecture on the life of Columbus was delivered by Mr. Denis Johnston. In the absence of the Rev. President, Father McSharry, the chair was taken by Mr. John O'Rorke, V.P.

On Friday week a grand amateur concert was given in the Catholic reading-room, Besshrook, in aid of the Catholic Relief Committee Fund. Both from a musical and financial standpoint the entertainment was a great success, and the Rev. Father Grimes, as well as the artists, have every reason for congratulation.

The Tuam Catholic Temperance Society have elected the following committee: Rev. J. Curran, C.A., president; Francis Keane, treasurer; M. R. Tierney, secretary; Michael C. Shine, Thos. Silk, Thomas A. Egan, P. Naughton, P. Roche, J. Galvin, J. Sloyan and M. Nolan.

The annual concert and entertainment in aid of the funds of the Cloyne Young Men's Society took place on Wednesday week, in the presence of an overflowing audience. The new hall of the society was densely crowed by the local inhabitants and by people from Midleton, Whitegate and surrounding districts, and the performance evoked unlimited merriment.

The impressive ceremony of profession took place at Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea, on the 7th ult. The young ladies who had taken the vows of religion according to the rule of St. Theresa in the Ancient Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, were Miss Beveridge, in religion Sister M. Berchmans, eldest daughter of Mr. John Beveridge, Dublin; and Miss Sadie Nolan, daughter of the late Mr. William Nolan, Dublin. The high mass began at 11 o'clock. The Rev. Michael Ryan, O. D. C., of St. Mary's College, Donnybrook, Dublin, preached.

It was with feelings of profound regret that the people of Athy and the surrounding districts heard of the removal of the Rev. J. Carroll, C.C., from among them. During his stay in Athy he was highly esteemed by the people.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, visited Cahir Week before last, and was presented with addresses by the Church Building Committee and the League of the Cross. The bishop in his reply dealt at great length with the evils of intemperance. Subsequently he presided at a concert organized by the Sisters of Mercy, with the object of raising funds to provide free breakfasts for poor school children.

On Saturday week the magnificent tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newry, was completed, having been in the course of construction since the year 1885. It is a graceful and imposing structure, perhaps the finest in Ireland. The work was carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Richard Hynes, architect, Newry, who acted as clerk of works. A generous display of bunting and the tolling of the chapel bell was the signal that the tower was successfully completed.

A meeting of the Irish Literary Institute of Liverpool was held in the rooms, Adelaide Buildings, Renshaw street, on Tuesday, Dec. 13. Mr. M. O'Mahony, president, in the chair. Mr. Joseph Maguire read a paper on "The Irish of Liverpool," which showed remarkable literary taste, and possessed the merit of practicality in advocating in various forms the social and material improvement of the Irish people of that city. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. McFoland, seconded by Mr. P. Kelly, and unanimously carried. Mr. O'Mahony read a paper on "An Irish view of Tennyson" the following the week.

SUMMER HILL COLLEGE.

On Monday evening, Dec. 12, the students of Summer Hill College, Sligo, gave their annual musical and dramatic entertainment. The Most Rev. Dr. Gilhooly, the clergy of the town and of the neighboring parishes, honored the students by their presence, as did also Alderman F. Higgins, Mayor, and over two hundred of the leading professional and business gentlemen of Sligo. The programme, which consisted of Amherst's drama, "Ireland As It Is," and the laughable farce, "Paddy Miles' Boy," was gone through with wonderful skill and faultlessness. The music was under the special direction of Mr. Delaney, the able and distinguished musical professor of the college. The performance reflected the highest credit upon all concerned, and augurs well for the prosperity and success of the new college.

MR. DENNY LANE AND HIS TENANTS.

Mr. Denny Lane, of Cork, has during the last two weeks given an abatement of 25 per cent to his tenants in the county Waterford off their rents now payable. The fact of Mr. Lane's generosity being unsolicited makes it all the more striking. The tenants, one and all, express themselves fully pleased with the manner in which they have been treated by their landlord. For a number of years Mr. Lane has given reductions to his tenants always commensurate with the times. The tenants are said to be moderately rented.

PRESENTATION TO A PASTOR.

Another pleasing instance of the affectionate relations subsisting between the people of county Donegal and their priests is recorded. The parishioners of Gartan had a zealous pastor and sterling friend in Father Patrick A. Dunleevy, transferred to another district of the diocese. In gratitude for his unceasing care of the poor and distressed, encouragement of education, advancement of temperance, and his beautifying of God's house, they determined to make him a substantial money presentation. This the reverend gentleman would not countenance, while duly respecting the spirit that prompted it, but was induced to accept a gold watch as a token of their good will and a memento of his pious and kindly association with the parishioners. The accompanying address and reply, and the tone pervading the whole proceedings, are eloquent testimony to what Father Dunleevy appropriately described as "that warm, grand love for their priest which is one of the most beautiful traits in the character" of the good people of Donegal.—*Irish Catholic.*

FUNERAL OF MR. P. MOLONY.

On Sunday, Dec. 11, a large funeral procession left the Catnedral, Ennis, to convey to their last resting place at Drumcliffe the remains of a much esteemed and deeply lamented young inhabitant of that town, Mr. Patrick Molony, who died in his 23d year, on Dec. 8, after a rather short illness, borne with the greatest resignation. The esteem in which the young gentleman was deservedly held was testified by the very large numbers at the funeral, among whom were the following clergymen: Rev. M. Casey, Adm., Ennis; Rev. D. Kelly, president Diocesan College; Rev. F. Begley, O.S.F.; Rev. J. Ryan, C.C.; Rev. P. M. O'Kelly, C.C.; Rev. A. Clancy and Rev. P. Bourke, Diocesan College. The young men of the town, as a special mark of their esteem, insisted on bearing the remains on their shoulders the whole way to the cemetery, a distance of two miles. The deceased was brother of the Rev. J. Molony, C.C., Benada, county Sligo, and three of his sisters are members of the Order of Mercy in the United States. His bereaved mother, who has given so many hostages to religion, and who has been so severely tried by Divine Providence, has been consoled by innumerable and unmistakable tokens of the deepest and most widespread sympathy. —*Id.*

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round-house and machine shops employing nearly 200 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to see more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to relieve human suffering. I will send free of charge to my fellow sufferers the recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N.Y.

BACHELORS' CLUB RECEPTION.

Friday evening of last week was the fourth reception of the Bachelors' Club. One hundred couples were present and enjoyed the usual programme of dances. The grand march took place at 10:30 o'clock, and was led by John J. Smith and Miss Julia Gahagan, assisted by James McCarthy and Miss Sadie Gahagan. It was late in the morning before the bachelors thought they had enough and the dance broke up. Those present were: Misses Nellie Hayes, Julia Gahagan, Sadie Galagan, Mamie Sheehan, J. Bourchopper, Mamie Sullivan, Mamie McGrane, Emily Dalunke, Anna Bent, Lizzie Kelly, Emma Kelly, Mary Heggie, Annie Cronk, Mary Wild, M. Vaughan, M. Conroy, E. Conroy, N. Harris, Minnie Hayes, E. Cunningham, F. Furlong, M. Furlong, M. Murphy, E. Woodman, Dora Manning, E. Champlain, L. Burns, Messrs. Joseph Furlong, Oscar Kelly, Jesse Lancey, Henry Baily, John O'Malley, James Miller, H. Fitchenburg, M. Brosnan, John Hayes, Frank Hayes, George Stewart, George Murphy, John Cronk, Andrew Farrell, Frank Sherlock, W. J. Schmelzer, W. Johnson, E. J. Hoffacre, B. H. Sango, J. J. Delaney.

Since their last reception, says the *Herald*, the Bachelors have lost a few of their members, who have been hit with the merry dart from Cupid's bow. They are now ostracized. The remaining members are all beginning to breathe easier now as the leap year draws to its close.

Father Conway's Sociable.

The Rev. P. C. Conway, pastor of St. Mary's church, of Evanston, gave a dancing party Tuesday evening in St. Mary's schoolhouse to all those who participated in the November church fair. Refreshments were served at the pastor's house. Among those present were the following: Messrs. and Mesdames P. E. O'Neill, T. E. O'Connor, J. C. Murphy, N. Foley, E. A. Connor, W. J. O'Connell, Misses Briencin, Kerny, O'Connell, McGown, Hayes, Messrs. George Kerny, John Devine, T. M. Fleming, F. J. O'Connell, C. Hayes, P. Donahue, Treet, W. Foley.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$912 40
Alexander Sullivan, 201 Opera House bldg	10 00
Roger C. Sullivan, 802 Walnut street	5 00
John W. McCarthy, Lamont, Ill.	5 00
C. C. Mahoney, Probate Court, city	5 00
M. McCarty, 910 Thirty-second street	5 00
John F. Long, 2501 Archer avenue	5 00
Peter J. Lane, 398 Twenty-ninth street	5 00
W. D. Kerwin, 3236 Rhodes avenue	5 00
J. F. Keating, 3027 Jackson avenue	5 00
F. Higgins, per Mr. Keating	2 00
J. L. Philip, per Mr. Keating	50
Mrs. M. Corrigan, 2842 Prairie avenue	5 00
S. C. Mullen, 352 Twenty-sixth street	10 00

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 14.—*Rev. M. O'Sullivan—Rev. and Dear Father:* Enclosed you will please find a draft for the sum of $910 from a few citizens of Minneapolis for the Mrs. Curley Homestead Fund. None deserve assistance more than the widow of the late Daniel Curley, who sacrificed his life for the cause he loved so dearly, and it is only right and proper that the widows and orphans of our deceased soldiers should be sustained. Much credit is due you for the interest you have taken in the cause.

JOHN J. KINNANE.

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ills.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Tailor.

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60. also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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CHICAGO

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HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,

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Prompt Delivery Car Lots a Specialty.

A LOST CHORD FOUND.

We stood alone in the choir loft
By the organ tall and dim,
While over the keys her fingers
Followed their own sweet whim;
I spoke of the coming parting
And plead for one farewell kiss,
But her modest whim forbade me
Lest the sexton out might list.
Then I struck on the organ a strong, full chord,
And as its echoes died
In the twilight dim of the old gray church
I kissed my promised bride.

We stood again by the organ
When many years had fled,
But she thought me grown cold and heartless,
And I thought her old love dead.
I spoke of our last fond parting,
Of the chord and its tender tale,
And how like the sound of that music
Our love had throbbed and died.
Then my heart leaped up with a great, glad bound
And I forgot its recent pain,
For she blushed, and drooping her lashes said,
"Could you find me that chord again?"
—Willard Holcomb in New York Advertiser.

THE MEDAL.

For five minutes the early morning storm had raged, and the cold rain was making great bubbles where it fell into the gutter. Thus the street had been suddenly abandoned, and down the side of the square in which stood one of the largest shops, the small cab horses, motionless and glistening under the shower, looked like the painted animals of a toy box. Nevertheless, the bus which runs from the principal street to the Northern railway station had just turned the corner; the two dapple gray horses, giving a good shake to their collars as they trotted through the puddles of water, and like the platoons of a Roman legion sheltered by their shields, the passengers came out from the waiting room and advanced to besiege the heavy coach under their rain drenched umbrellas.

"Come on, the north!" shouted the conductor, never suspecting the audacity of his ellipsis. "Only three places left inside; one, two, three; no one answers; four, five."

"Here, four and five," said a sweet voice from the depth of the great white cap of a sister of charity.

"Tickets."

And after having closed their tremendously large, old, blue cotton umbrellas—such umbrellas are never seen anywhere nowadays except on the country roads—the two nuns climbed up into the bus.

"One more seat," called the conductor, "hurry up, six."

And still another woman came out of the crowd and gave her number—a woman of the lower class, with her linen cap. She was twenty-five years old, and was sheltering as well as she could under an old torn sunshade a little hollow eyed, sickly looking boy, whom she carried on her arm and who clung tightly about her neck.

"Come now, mamma," said the conductor, rustling in his rubber coat, "that urchin is too old. You must buy a ticket for him."

"What, sir," quickly replied the woman, seeking to retain her self possession, "he is three years and a half."

"And a little more; well, well, it is very bad weather; climb up lively, now."

The poor woman, with a shame faced air, took the only vacant seat, near the bus door and opposite the two nuns, placing her little boy on her knees, and then, "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling," the full bus went jogging away with an exasperating noise, just like iron bars jolting over the pavements or like cracking glass.

Although seated side by side and dressed exactly alike the two sisters of charity did not resemble each other. The elder was perhaps fifty, with the strong physique and ruddy color of a farmer's wife. As soon as she had given the conductor six great pennies wrapped up in a bit of paper (it was all the money that the poor nuns had and the mother superior had but just given it to them as they were setting forth on an errand to the hospital) the stouter sister in a countrified manner put her big basket on her knees and crossed her hands upon the handle. She was a true, good, religious woman, but a woman who must assume the lowliest duties and do the hardest work.

Her companion, on the other hand, was still quite young, possibly twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and her whole appearance bore the strongest testimony to her refined and aristocratic origin; in a word, she came of a good family. Only that soul painter, Philippe de Champagne, would have had the necessary genius capable of putting on canvas that pale, distinguished looking face, a face already emaciated and with two light shadows under its great hazel eyes. Worthy of an archduchess were those transparent hands with their tapering fingers, which the young sister of charity supported upon her old horn handled umbrella.

Meanwhile this woman of the lower class—oh, these worthy people, they are like great children, full of confidence and heedlessness; how excited they become, how badly they are deceived by false and foolish flattery, but then how good natured they are!—this poor working woman suddenly entered into conversation with the conductor, who was a little, lean, gray bearded old soldier, wearing upon his vest the faded ribbon of the Crimean medal, and who had found time, while collecting the poor woman's fare, to bestow a smile and a pleasant word or so upon her sickly boy.

"Yes, it is true enough," she said; "he has been quite sick, poor little fellow, and I have been to bring him away from the hospital, where he has remained for the last six weeks. He has still his little papier mache image, for he went to the Hospital of the Infant Jesus. The old doctor, who speaks to you as if you were a dog, but has a good heart all the same, has just this minute said to me, 'Six months of cod liver oil and he will be well.' Is it not so, Popol? His name is Leopold. And you will not make up a face when you have to take it, will you? And you will swallow your cod liver oil—you know you promised mother you would." Then, quickly altering her tone, she said to the conductor in a sympathetic manner, "You have no children, have you?"

"Oh, yes, three," replied the old soldier, "but they are much larger than your boy. I have three daughters. My eldest has been married about a year, and the youngest has just entered upon her apprenticeship."

"Then you know just how it is. When we began to be worried about our boy's health it was at the worst season of the year, in July, when so many young children die. My husband is a bookbinder, if you please; he makes book covers. He works at home and has customers among the middle class, but during the summer every one goes away either to the country or to the seashore.

"Oh, yes, you see I know all about it. That was when our boy became sick—the night before the celebration on the 14th. He was first feverish and then he had a chill; then he began to cry and to complain of choking, and his crazy father all the time was entertaining himself by putting up his flags, his little red balloons and his plaster images on our windows; it quite set my teeth on edge. Oh, these men, they must always be thinking of politics, it is their plaything, or whatever you have a mind to call it.

"But the next day, I can tell you, he thought no more of his decorations or his illuminations. The doctor came, looked alarmed and put on the poor child's back a plaster as large as my hand. Pleurisy. Do you understand how a child no older than he is could have such a sickness? We were in straitened circumstances. I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. My husband went out to try to collect two or three bills, but it was of no use; every one had gone away. And then it almost seemed as if we could not make our boy well again, our dear little fellow.

"We live, you see, at 32 Vinaigries street. We have only two rooms, and the bedroom has no window except one that looks out upon a wall. Then the doctor said: 'You must take him to the hospital. I will give you a line to the house surgeon, who is one of my friends. Oh, but that was hard. We carried him there in a cab, although I had to take a pair of sheets to the pawnshop to pay the fare. But at the hospital door my husband embraced our little boy, whom I was carrying wrapped up in a woolen blanket, and said to me abruptly, 'You go in alone; I haven't the courage.'

"I went in—mothers are strong; they have to be—but when the house surgeon took Leopold from my arms it seemed as if my heart would break. Then I went out of doors to find his father, who was smoking while he waited for me. When he saw me come out alone with my blanket over my arm, he threw his pipe down on the sidewalk, where it broke into twenty pieces, and then we walked home side by side without saying a word. I shall never forget those six weeks that Leopold staid at the hospital. It was summer, and I believe that the weather was beautiful, but all that time it seemed to me as if the sun never shone.

"Yes, I could see him Sundays and Thursdays, and in spite of the rules I carried him sweets, toys, like this, concealed under my shawl, and they told me that he was getting better, that he would certainly get well. But when I would once get out into the street on my way home it seemed as if I could never stop crying. Still I had to force back my tears and not return home with red eyes, on account of my husband, who could not go with me, for he had found work again.

"He suffered as much as I during our boy's absence, you understand, though all the time he tried to put on a brave face; but once when I returned from the hospital I surprised my poor husband, who was weeping before one of Leopold's old photographs, which he had placed on his work bench. Now it is all over, and happily over, all the sorrow," said the poor woman, half devouring her child with kisses, "and you will see your father again; he is even now getting breakfast for you, and you will get well, my darling, and you will grow large and strong. He has good plump checks already. And you will take your cod liver oil to please your mother, will you not, my boy?"

While the poor woman was thus pouring out the fullness of her heart the bus conductor (he was a father) and the elder sister of charity (she was a good woman) listened to her with encouraging smiles. But what was the other nun thinking about, the young sister, so pale, with the aristocratic looking hands, who had lowered her velvety eyelashes as if absorbed in deep thought? She thought to herself as she sat there, "Here are two people who are bound together for better or for worse, who love each other and who have a little child." She thought to herself that once—oh, it was a very, very long time ago, long before her kindly hands had ministered to suffering humanity—she had had a dream, a pure and noble dream, which came back to her like a vague remembrance, revived by the simple remarks of the unworldly working woman. She is dreaming of the past she remembers.

Her name then was Annette de Cardaillan. She graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and in the duke's (her father's) house the high windows of the young girl's room looked out into the large garden. It was springtime, and she gazed into the midst of a blossoming chestnut tree, all alive with the songs of birds. Then her uncle, the archduke, arranged with the help of her parents her marriage to Lord Cavendale, of the oldest nobility of Ireland. And she hears again the sad theme in a minor key of the Hungarian mazurka, which the orchestra, concealed behind large palms, played at her coming out ball.

How embarrassed she had felt at the first glance of that young man, who was so correctly dressed, with his hair so smoothly brushed, with his short reddish beard, and whose black eyes, diamond bright, gave him the fatally royal look of a Valois. Douglas—his name was Douglas, and for six months she had often, very often, whispered his name to herself with a smile of tenderness. She did not love him yet, but suddenly his fearless look—his strange smile—awoke in her— Then quite abruptly her father, taking her with him, left for one of his castles in the depths of Auvergne.

At last she summoned up her courage and asked for news of her betrothed, and the old duke, purple with rage, had sternly ordered her never to speak again his name before him. She had obeyed, grief stricken, understanding nothing, until one day when by chance she saw a newspaper and then first learned of a horrible duel fought by Lord Cavendale, in which he had killed his man; of the shameful trial, and then the dates, the frightful dates.

After that she remembers a long illness and the name of Douglas repeated in her delirium, and the troubled star of the night lamp twinkling faintly out from the midst of clouds of insomnia; then she recalls the heartrending walks taken during convalescence in autumn on the castle terrace, looking out toward the grand mountain panorama, while the plane trees sadly strewed the ground with their great yellow leaves, and how melancholy she felt while following with her eyes the flight of the clouds chased by the northwest wind, which raged even to the summits.

Then she took the great step of her life, and in spite of her father's grief, in spite of the advice of her uncle, Mgr. de Cardaillan, who came with all possible haste from his diocese, she took the veil of a sister of charity, and for six years she had dressed wounds that seemed to her less incurable than that one inflicted upon her own heart. She had watched with the dying, whom she almost envied because they could leave this world before herself. But suddenly she remembers that if dead to the world, as she believes herself to be, she still preserves and yet wears around her neck the little medal, blessed by the pope, which Lord Cavendale had brought back to her on his return from a short visit to Italy.

The weakness of a woman who has once been in love! Just at this moment her companion softly touched her arm, believing her to be asleep.

"Wake up, sister; we have just reached the place."

Mlle. Annette de Cardaillan, in her religious life Sister St. Ursula, opens her eyes and sees just in front of her that poor woman with her little boy on her knees, who had been the involuntary cause of her dream.

Quickly putting her hand to her throat, after some difficulty she succeeded in inserting two of her fingers under the stiff starched calico of her stomacher and drawing out a small gold medal held in place by a fine cord, which she hurriedly snapped. She placed it, yet warm with the heat of her body, in the working woman's hand, saying: "Won't you please accept, madame, this remembrance and hang it around your little sick boy's neck? It is a medal which our good father, the pope, blessed at Rome six years ago."

And disengaging herself from the excited mother's half stammered thanks the sister of charity followed her stout companion, who had already got down from the bus and was walking bravely along through the mud.

The conductor had a great desire to say a word or two, but he was an old infantry corporal who had had part of his ear cut off by a Russian bullet at Balaklava and who felt the deepest respect for women. Besides, the poor mother was looking at the blessed medal with a very serious and moved expression. "French and a soldier," so runs the song, and the conductor contented himself with smiling behind his gray mustache while he muttered to himself, "Oh, these women—these women!"—Translated for Boston Transcript from the French of Francois Coppee.

Genuine Attar of Roses.

When you see "genuine attar of roses" offered on the "bargain counter" for twenty-five cents a half pint you are justified in suspecting that article. The real "attar" comes in copper canteens, which weigh about twenty ounces. They are valued at $100 apiece. The present supply of attar is chiefly derived from a small tract of country on the southern side of the Balkan mountains in the Turkish province of Roumania. The principal seat of the trade is in the town of Kizanlik, and the damask rose is the flower grown.

The peasants plant it in rows in gardens and fields. During the month of May the flowers are gathered by boys and girls in sacks and clothes baskets. The flowers are daily distilled that they may lose none of their odor by delay. It is said that about 7,500 pounds of flowers are required to produce 2¼ pounds of pure attar.—Buffalo Commercial.

The Professor in a Fix.

The herr professor has entered the lecture room and taken off his overcoat. Now he takes his seat at the desk, when he becomes aware that he has left his manuscript behind. He is greatly perplexed, for without manuscript it is impossible for him to proceed with the lecture. Apologizing to the students and saying he will be back immediately, he hurries home, as he remembers having left the papers in his other coat. He runs up to his room in breathless haste. His coat hangs there on the peg, and sure enough the manuscript is in one of the pockets. He takes it out and transfers it to the pocket of the coat he is wearing. He then takes off this coat and puts on the other, and hurries off to the college to find when he gets there that he is again minus his manuscript.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Costly Conquest.

The conquest of France in 1871 was a dear bargain for Germany after all. The £200,000,000 indemnity was mainly spent on fortresses, and since the war Germany has spent £600,000,000 on her army alone. If the loss of the labor of 400,000 men perpetually withdrawn from industries and kept locked up in barracks is calculated, some faint conception may be formed of the costliness of militarism.—London Tit-Bits.

TRAVELING IN A FOG.

AN OLD BUS DRIVER TELLS SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

Drivers in London Streets Have to Be Very Careful During the Frequent Reigns of Fogs—Odd Accidents That Occur—The Value of Street Lights.

The fog came down on London last week, and in early morning the fog signals were exploding on the suburban lines. Talking of the fogs, an old bus driver had an interesting chat with me the other morning on my way from Hammersmith.

"These 'ere fogs is dreadful," he said. "One day I'm thinkin of was a bad un; I couldn't get the 'osses to go at all, so I turned back at Piccadilly. But that doesn't pay; for if the company don't think—and they mostly don't think—it's thick enough to stop running the buses and you do stop without any official telling you, they'll make you pay for the half of the journey that you missed. I had to pay for that half journey from Piccadilly."

"Have you ever got on the wrong road through the fog?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; lots of times. I've often turned up a wrong street, but I've generally found my way again. But one time—about three years ago—I got quite lost. It was going from Hammersmith to Liverpool street. You could have cut the fog, it was so thick. We passed Kensington and Knightsbridge all right, and then I got somewhere where I didn't know; my 'mate' behind looked about a bit, but he couldn't make out where we was, so we went and asked a p'liceman. He was on point duty and told us we was in the park somewhere, but he didn't know where. But I've made plenty of mistakes like that. Why, the first run this morning I nearly went the wrong way.

"Now, look here," he said, pointing to a street lamp that was glimmering quite close at hand, "those are the things that puzzle you. You think that's on the pavement and go sharp off to the right to miss it and you find yourself at the wrong side of the road with traffic on all sides of you and a policeman swearing and waiting to take your number for causing an obstruction. That's in the middle of the road; it isn't on the pavement at all. I've often wished that big lamp at the corner of Hyde park far enough; it always balks me."

"Are there many accidents in foggy weather?"

"I don't think there are more than in clear weather, for every one drives careful—they have to do or they'd soon have a smash. Sometimes, you know, a cabby will pull up sharp and your 'pole' will go through the back of his 'kerridge;' but then them things always happens. The 'osses, too, gets frightened when it gets extra thick, and they'll 'jib;' but they're often not so bad as some of the passengers, who nudge you and pull you and tell you to 'please be careful.' The fog doesn't hurt the 'osses much; it might give 'em a cold, but it's us that suffers most. When there's a frost and a fog together it's awful.

"I've often had my 'osses led, but we don't like any one to touch our animals' heads. It's like an insult to us. P'licemen are always at that game, because they know we don't like it. But it's very bad when they fall down in a fog, for no one can see you and it's quite likely that another bus will come sailing along right onto you, but in all my experience I've only seen one 'oss down in a fog, and he was shot. I'd sooner drive anywhere on a thick night than up to Hammersmith or Bayswater. You have the park all along one side of the road, and you know how dark it is. I think Bayswater is the worst of the two. I once drove a three 'oss metropolitan bus into the middle of a row of hansoms, but it's surprising what a little damage is sometimes done in a collision."

"But how do you manage to find your way?"

"Why, we grope," was the significant answer. "I think the best way is to get the left hand wheel of your bus against the curb and 'let her grind.' You won't know what that is. Well, I mean keeping alongside the pavement. Never mind the wheels; they'll be all right. On some routes men go about with lanterns to guide you, but that's too slow work. I once went a journey when the conductor took one of the lamps in his hand and ran along on the pavement to show me how far I was off the curb, but all men haven't the same disposition, and I've had a conductor who wouldn't move off the step to tell me which side of the road I was. Why, sometimes I can't see the whip I have in my hand, it's so thick. Some buses have bells, but I don't; they don't show you where you are—that's what you want to know. The fog's only good to the 'pirates:' people can't see which bus they're getting into, and a good many grumble when asked to pay the extra fare. But it doesn't do them very much good, for some folk are frightened to ride in a fog—they think it's safer to walk."

"Thank you, sir. Good morning."—Pall Mall Budget.

Robbery in Northern China.

In many districts of northern China organized robbery is the regular winter employment of so large a proportion of the people that travelers are forced to avoid these regions, it is said. Robbers prey upon the people of the country as well as upon travelers. In many places families are obliged to have one member sit up all night with a light to discourage the thieves from attack, but the robbers are so well organized that in many instances they beset and overpower the watchers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ancient Remains.

Thebes, Egypt, at the present time presents ruins twenty-seven miles in circumference. The remains of many of the buildings, such as columns, arches, etc., are of such gigantic size that no known modern machinery would be equal to the task of taking them down, to say nothing of putting them in their present positions.—St. Louis Republic.

Snow Storage.

Countries that have inadvisedly allowed their forest lands to be denuded eventually come to the conclusion that such recklessness involves most serious penalties. This appears to be the case in certain parts of Russia, where severe droughts cause great distress and injury. These droughts are ascribed to the gradual depreciation of the country along the principal rivers, and to the removal of obstacles in the river beds. Both these factors combine in causing the rainwater and melted snow to pass off more rapidly, and the low water level of the rivers therefore become abnormally and permanently low.

To remedy this ponds are to be dug or built up in the courses from which the rivers are fed, and on the plains long banks are to be raised, against which snowdrifts will be formed. The snow thus accumulated will melt more slowly than the thinner masses elsewhere, and will form a valuable supplement to the water supply at the period of the year when the droughts have hitherto obtained. This is simply a wholesale adaptation of a practice that has long been attributed to the more provident Russian peasants, who are in the habit of using plank walls to intercept the snow. The banks thus formed are said to frequently serve as the family water supply up to the month of August.—Nevada News.

Depew's Corpse Story.

Chauncey M. Depew told the following story at a banquet in New York:

A classmate of mine, a preacher, was located in a spiritualistic neighborhood, and the leader of the spiritualists' band died. His next friend came to see the clergyman, and said: "We have something of the old Puritan spirit left, though we have renounced it in our practice, and we want our leader buried by Christian ceremonial. Will you attend?" My friend, the clergyman, consented in the best spirit of Christian charity. He gave out the hymn, read a passage of Scripture and made such remarks as he conscientiously could, whereupon the wife of the dead spiritualist rose and said that she had a communication from her husband.

That critical spirit tore the eulogium to pieces, ripped up the Scripture quoted and denounced the hymn. The surviving leader of the spiritualist band came to the clergyman and said: "We beg your pardon. We had no idea that our leader would come back here and act in this way, and we hope you will forgive us." "My friend," the clergyman said, "I will forgive you, because it is the first time in the many ministrations that I have had of this kind in this parish that I have ever been sassed by the corpse."—New York World.

Pirate Treasure.

The period fruitful above all others to the (imaginary) treasure seekers is that of the bold buccaneers, of the Spanish galleons charged with bullion and of the treasure fleets that were the choicest prey of the gallant sea rover.

Pirate or buccaneer, he had some favorite haunt about Key West or among the islands of the Spanish main—some cave filled with booty which one day he hopes to transfer in safety to his native Devon. But a ship heaves in sight—it is a Spanish man-of-war—and such a contest ensues as has inspired the popular muse of the sailors' "shanty."

There is an end of the pirate and his crew, but the secret deposit remains as a prize for some future adventurer. Or it may be that the buccaneers are only shipwrecked, and that one of the crew escapes with the fragment of an old chart on which is marked the exact position of the buried treasure. The subject leaves plenty of play for the imagination, and, although often worked up in fiction, has always a kind of freshness about it, with a savor of truth and fact, for doubtless such a hoard does somewhere exist, if we could only find it.—All the Year Round.

A Clever Cat.

There is a large Maltese cat making its headquarters at the Seventh police precinct station that is bound to go on record as the smartest feline known. Like all other cats it delights in capturing sparrows, but unlike other cats it has never been known to let a bird get away that it made up its mind to catch. Lieutenant Thompson is authority for the statement that the cat, perched on the cornice of the building, made a leap of twenty-two feet into a tree and caught a sparrow. The lieutenant has also watched the cat while bird catching and has counted nine sparrows carried to a spot, and after the hunt was over devoured one by one.

A peculiar trait of the cat is that there is but one man who reports at the station that she will make friends with, and he is Patrolman Rowland. When he is on night duty the cat will follow him from the time he goes on duty until relieved the next morning. All the dogs in the Newburg region have encountered the cat on several occasions, and when she is in sight the canines take the other side of the street.—Cleveland Press.

Now He Feels Better.

A Woodward avenue man, who likes his joke and his good living, hasn't been feeling well lately, and one day last week he went to see a physician. The doctor felt his pulse, looked at his tongue and became thoughtful.

"Um—er," he said, "do you eat before going to bed?"

"Well, yes, usually."

"Of course you do. I was sure of that. The symptoms are very evident. You'll have to stop it."

"Entirely?" asked the patient quietly.

The doctor became thoughtful again.

"Um—er," he said slowly; "about how much do you eat, and about how long after it before you go to bed?"

"That depends somewhat, doctor," and the patient looked serious. "I usually eat three meals, and they are scattered along between 8 in the morning and 8 at night."

Then the doctor made a few tropical remarks and said, "Two dollars, please."—Detroit Free Press.

MANY LUNATICS AT LARGE.

Experts Are Able to Detect Diseased Minds by the Sense of Smell.

"Every tenth mind is more or less abnormal, and you can readily see that in the crowded thoroughfares of a city like this there must be hundreds of people of unsound mind wandering about," said a famous alienist yesterday. "Occasionally they are thrown into mental paroxyms by being jostled or spoken to or interfered with, and then you read sensational articles in the daily journals headed 'A Dangerous Lunatic at Large,' but the fact is as I have stated it—there are hundreds of lunatics at large in our streets. When I am not reading I often amuse myself hunting for them in the street cars, on the elevated trains or on the ferryboats. Any expert in mental diseases can recognize one at a glance.

"Any sculptor will tell you that by glancing at a draped figure he can feel the form beneath it, and so do we alienists when we gaze at a human face. Almost unconsciously we feel the degree of mentality. True, there are certain outward symptoms of deranged intellect, such as the unsteady eye, the peculiar smirk known as the 'loony leer,' and certain motions and movements of the lips and hands and fingers; but the experienced alienist doesn't depend upon them. As I have told you, he feels the presence of subacute mania in the same way as a sculptor does a concealed figure; but more than this, he is often able to note the presence of a lunatic by the sense of smell.

"It's a physiological truth that lunatics exhale an odor that is almost as distinctive as the smell of musk, ambergris or sandalwood.

"There is nothing surprising about this, for many fevers and contagious diseases have their distinctive odors, as any physician will tell you. The mind, or if you will, the nervous system, is largely concerned in the task of keeping the secretory organs in a free and healthy action. Some people are so dull and lymphatic in their temperaments that they never perspire. Lunacy is purely a nervous condition, and hence it is almost always marked by a peculiar and indescribable odor proceeding from the imperfect action of the nerves on capillaries."—Pittsburg Press.

Keeping Churches Open.

"When I get rich," said a business man, "I am going to give away a lot of churches, but I shall not give anybody a church unless they will agree to keep it open on week days as well as Sundays. There has been in recent years an increase in the number of Protestant churches kept open through the week, but I would like to see more of them. I imagine that one reason why churches are not more generally kept open is the expense attending it, and doubtless many persons think that people are all or nearly all too busy to spend time in churches on week days.

"It seems to me that the expense should not stand in the way, and I am inclined to think that the number of those who would avail themselves of such opportunity for rest and meditation is greater than is generally supposed. I know that I have never entered a church in New York on a week day without finding somebody there. I should like not only to have more of the churches kept open on week days, but to have them open for a longer period each day, and I would like to keep some of them open all night. It is easy to see that there might be many objections to this; still I would like to see churches whose doors would be always open to every wayfarer."—New York Sun.

The Bee and His Useful Sting.

It will be a surprise to many to learn that, after all, the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. I have long been convinced that the bees put the finishing touches on their artistic cellwork by the dexterous use of their stings, and during this final finishing stage of the process of honey making the bees inject a minute portion of formic acid into the honey.

This is in reality the poison of their sting. This formic acid gives to honey its peculiar flavor, and also imparts to it its keeping qualities. The sting is really an exquisitely contrived little trowel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful with honey. While doing this the formic acid passes from the point of the sting and the beautiful work is finished.—Horticultural Times.

Coffee Cure for Horses.

The German naturalist, Martin, relates a case he recently met of a horse which owed its life to coffee. It was in such a bad way that it was considered incurable, and the owner sold the animal for fifteen dollars.

The animal was then almost a skeleton and so weak that it could hardly walk. The man who bought the horse immediately began to treat it with coffee, giving infusions of roasted coffee beans, and also coffee beans ground and mixed with honey. In a short time the horse began to improve, and after a few months its new owner was offered $250 for it.

He told Herr Martin he had brought round by the same same treatment many horses which had been overworked or had lost their strength and appetite.—Boston Globe.

Sport with Beginners.

They do like to have sport with beginners on the stage. An actor says that one evening when he was playing in Chicago a young fellow went to his dressing room—an intelligent and ambitious young fellow, too, but awfully fresh—and said, "Mr. Burbeck presents his compliments and asks if you will kindly send him your box of wrinkles." The actor kept a grave face and pretended to search among the materials on his makeup table before he replied: "Tell Mr. Burbeck I'm sorry, but I'm all out of wrinkles. I'll have some more tomorrow." The messenger went away, but was back in a few minutes, just as innocent as ever, and said, "Mr. Burbeck says it's all right, but he would like to borrow the key of the curtain."—New York Recorder.

THE DEATH OF A WEALTHY MAN.

High through his titles, power and pelf,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

THE THREE CHUMS.

When I was in college I had two very dear friends, Marsden and Masterson. We were always together, despite the fact that there could hardly have been found anywhere in the world three men whose ideas on most subjects so radically differed. Perhaps it was the intellectual pleasure we derived from debating among ourselves, with an acrimony only possible among the fastest of friends, the pros and cons of every question that came up that was the bond of our union.

Whatever the bond was, we were certainly inseparable, and I think, on that last night in New Haven, when after four years of most intimate association we parted, each to walk alone his path through life, there were three very tear stained pillows beneath our respective heads before Morpheus claimed our allegiance. I know that I for one was compelled to change mine, so saturated did it become with those salt evidences of a sincere grief which were copiously shed by my eyes that night.

The parting between Marsden and Masterson and myself was geographical rather than spiritual. Marsden's lines fell in the pleasant places of Boston; Masterson's in those of Baltimore, and mine in New York. Marsden studied medicine, Masterson became a professor of psychology without a chair, and I drifted through a period of misery as a student of law into literary, sharp shooting; but through it all we kept up a three cornered correspondence in which the hopes and fears of our lives were freely confided, with the result, I think, that we all took a more cheerful view of existence than would otherwise have been possible. It was the perfect candor of our intercourse that helped us. What I did not like about Marsden I frankly told him, and when I disapproved of Masterson, Masterson was the first to know it, and vice versa. It was helpful; it was delightful. We lived in a palace of truth, which, alas! is no more.

Five or six years was the duration of our post graduate alliance, which was broken by death first, and then by that which is worse than death—madness; and it all came about through the too close application of Marsden and Masterson to their work. Marsden had always been noted for his love of the mysterious and morbid. In the old college days it used to trouble Masterson and myself not a little to find how exceedingly fond of the depressing things of life Marsden was—that is to say, he liked to hear and talk about them. He liked to read stories not only bordering upon but plunging into the middle of the supernatural, and while Masterson and I were compiling scrapbooks of clippings showing how easily Yale crews defeated Harvard crews; and other matters of alma maternal interest, Marsden was filling envelopes with horrors—stories of vampires, tales of hallucination and other unnatural things.

While Masterson and I were reading such light and airy stories as "Pelham" and "Pendennis," with Herrick as our ideal poet, Marsden would devote his hours of outside reading to Hoffman, Poe and Monk Lewis, and any versifier whose sentiment smacked of malaria could be his poet for the time being. I think the only point on which Masterson and I ever really agreed was in regard to Marsden's unhealthy passion for the grotesque, and we were unremitting in our efforts to bring him down to the real sunshiny things of life, but I cannot say that we were ever sanguine of the result of our efforts.

It was Marsden's horrible addiction to such matters that led Masterson into the study of psychology and Marsden himself into medicine, and if Marsden would have gone at it in the coldly scientific manner of Masterson I think he would have been all right, although Masterson carried his coolness a degree too far in that he did not recognize the fact that minds, like machines, speedily go to pieces if not kept in repair. It was while trying to comprehend Marsden's mind that Masterson became interested in mental science, and it was Marsden's passion for the insane that decided him to become a physician, so that he might come into actual contact with those who suffered the things of which he read.

Each succeeded in reaching his goal. Masterson at the age of thirty found himself an accepted authority on psychological matters. Marsden at twenty-nine was actively connected with the medical staff of an asylum for the insane in Massachusetts, and then the end came. Masterson's candle had been burned at both ends, and he was nigh unto death. I was the first to hear of it, because my duties were such that I had been able to visit Masterson at Baltimore—which Marsden, owing to his more or less confined duties, could not very well do, and so was known to Masterson's family, who immediately wired me of the precarious condition of my old friend. The telegram I received at 9 o'clock in the morning of a September day, and I immediately repeated it to Marsden in Boston, adding that it was my intention to leave New York for Baltimore that night.

Two hours later I received a message from Marsden saying: "Wait for me. He must not die."

This was more or less unsettling. To wait for Marsden was the very thing it would please me most to do, but to have him bring his message to a close with those four words grated on my nerves. They did not sound exactly right.

An hour later a second telegram arrived from Marsden, which read: "Am just leaving Boston. For God's sake wait for me!"

And so it went all that afternoon. At every stopping place along the line from Boston to New York Marsden forwarded to me the most nerve disturbing messages the mind could well conceive of, beseeching me to await his coming always, and in four separate instances assuming a power on my part to avert the expected death of Masterson that made me suspect that Marsden himself was in a precarious state mentally anyhow. I dreaded meeting him, but was nevertheless on hand at the station on the arrival of his train—and what a shock it was to me when I caught sight of Marsden! His face was white as a sheet; his shoulders were bent as with some load by far too great for them to bear, and his hands trembled as though they were palsied. When he saw me he threw his arms about my neck, and burying his pallid face on my shoulder cried like a child.

"Don't take on so, Tom," I said, giving him an affectionate tap on the arm and drawing away. "It may not be so bad as we think."

"Not if he lives!" he replied, shaking his head sadly and looking nervously about him. "But I fear Jack is on the verge of dissolution. I feel so faint now that I believe—I believe it is nearly all over."

He staggered slightly as he spoke and would have fallen if I had not caught him by the arm.

"Brace up, my dear boy!" I cried. "Don't make a scene here. Come. Get into this cab and we'll ride down to my rooms."

He was so limp by this time that I bundled him almost head over heels into a convenient hackney, and giving the driver directions as to where to go followed and sat down beside him. He lay back against the cushions, his eyes closed, his lips quivering like a child's under punishment. To an ordinary observer it would have seemed as if Marsden had taken too much strong drink—to me, who knew that he did not drink, his condition was unaccountable. Moved we both were by the imminent death of a dear friend, but the emotion of Marsden was out of all proportion to the situation.

Suddenly he grasped me by the arm and sat up stiffly and groaned.

"Ah!" he sighed in a moment. "I thought it was all over then. By heavens, Hartly!" he shouted as he turned his eyes to me—eyes big, bulging and seemingly full of some terrible dread. "How can you sit there so unmoved? How can you—how can you—how can you!"

His tone by this time had risen to a shriek, and I became convinced that Marsden and I could not go on to Baltimore that night unless I was willing to constitute myself the guardian of a maniac.

"I—I am quite as upset, Tom," I replied. "Quite as deeply grieved over the possibility of Jack's death."

"Don't speak of it—don't speak of it!" he shuddered, cowering back into the corner of the cab and hiding his face with his hands.

"Hartly, I don't believe you understand," he added, gravely, after a minute or two of silence. "Do you understand that it means oblivion? Do you comprehend that it means absolute annihilation, destruction, a blotting out forever? Do you—do you realize that?"

He fairly shook me with his grip on my arm as he gasped this out.

"No, I do not," I answered shortly. "I believe, as you used to believe, in a God in heaven, and I have not changed, and I know that Masterson has no reason to fear death. His soul is the purest"——

"I am not thinking of Masterson," he cried, and then, his voice sinking into a whisper, he muttered. "I refer to ourselves. We shall vanish; we shall be blotted out. Masterson's soul is all right, but ours—we have no souls. With his death we are plunged into formlessness—we become zeros"——

"My dear Marsden," I said, trying hard to conceal my perturbation, for I was now convinced that he was mad, "my dear Tom, don't talk that way. Keep quiet. All will go well. All"——

"It cannot!" he retorted, "if Jack Masterson dies. If Jack Masterson dies we—Hartly, do you realize what you are, what I am? I, with all my hopes, all my ambitions, my loves, my hates, everything, am but a figment in the brain of Jack Masterson. You are the same, I know. I have studied—I have seen. When that mind ceases to work and that imagination to fancy, you and I, John Hartly, cease to be!"

As Marsden spoke the cab stopped at my door and we entered the house. I was simply appalled at the horror of Marsden's hallucination and at the new responsibility for his welfare that had temporarily devolved upon me. He was mad; but how mad? Was it curable or not? I feared. I felt that but one thing was needed to upset his mind altogether, and that was Masterson's death. Nor had I any hope that that was a blow to be averted. What to do was the question, and my own feelings were that unless that question were speedily solved I should myself stand in mental peril.

We went to my apartments, and shoved under the door I found a telegram awaiting me. To open it was the work of a moment, and then Marsden, feeling that it must be from Baltimore, snatched it from me and tried to read it, but fortunately he could not, his eyes were so filled with the tears of fear.

"Read it!" he cried, trembling with excitement. "Read it!"

I took it, and casting my eyes over the line saw the announcement of the fatal termination of Jack's illness. "Jack died at 5 o'clock this afternoon," it said; but I did not dare read it aloud.

"What does it say?" gasped Marsden.

"The danger is over, and there is no need of our going to Baltimore."

"Thank God!" cried Marsden, falling on his knees and then with a groan sinking in a faint to the floor.

* * * * * * *

Marsden is still connected with the asylum in Massachusetts, he thinks as a consulting physician, but as the world knows, as a patient, and I—I bear the burden of my deceit in that horrible night by conducting the correspondence of two corners of our triangle of love—my own corner and that of Masterson, of whose death Marsden has never heard, for the experts say that were he ever to hear of his friend's decease, so strongly does he believe himself a part of the dead man's day dreams, the small remainder of his once strong mind would be utterly blotted out.—H. W. Harkness in Frank Leslie's.

A BACK DOOR TO BOTANIC SCIENCE.

A Shoemaker Who Found Health and Pleasure in an Interesting Way.

Years ago, in Brattleboro, among the green hills of Vermont, lived a man who was worthily earning his living as a shoemaker. He was fairly successful in a business point of view, but when he had reached the age of thirty-five or forty his health gave way. Going to New York to consult an eminent physician he was shown into an anteroom, and was looking at some plants in the window when the doctor came in. Examining the case carefully this wise physician said: "You do not need medicine. What you want is outdoor exercise and mental employment. I saw you looking at the flowers in the window. Are you interested in botany?" The shoemaker replied that he knew nothing about botany, but had always been fond of flowers. "Well," said the doctor, "go home, and every day this summer go out into the woods and fields and gather one flower, bring it home and find out the name of it."

He at first felt as little as Naaman did at his prescription of washing in the river Jordan, but finally, like Naaman, took his prescription and began the study of botany. Soon he became deeply interested, and in two or three seasons had collected nearly all the flowering plants of that vicinity. Having his attention called to mosses, he wrote Dr. Gray, asking for some textbook on that subject. This being before the day of "Gray's Manual" the only work Dr. Gray had to recommend was in German.

Nothing daunted, the shoemaker bought an "Ollendorff" and soon learned German enough to read his textbook. Awhile after a French book on that subject coming in his way he studied French until he could manage its contents, and then took up Latin and Greek sufficiently to be able to trace the derivation of botanical names. At last, having fairly mastered the more common divisions of the vegetable kingdom, he began the study of fungi, and there, as he told a friend, he had found a work to last a lifetime. This necessitated the purchase of more books, and finally of a Beck's microscope, and for years he could be seen every day in his shop, on one side his lapstone, his bench and the other implements of his daily labor, and on the other a library of botanical works in three or four languages, and on a shelf over his head his beautiful microscope.

And thus he spent the evenings of his days until his death, a genial, cultivated, intelligent Christian shoemaker-botanist. In reply to a question as to the amount of time he had devoted to his studies he said, "Always an hour a day and as much more as possible." Such was the record of Charles C. Frost, a man whom it was a privilege to have as a friend.—Professor Pickering in Christian Union.

A Beautiful Story.

When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young—scarcely more than a boy—he was deeply in love with a young girl, and having a poet's gift he sang a poet's love in numerous sonnets and verses to her.

She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been—kept beneath her pillow.

Years passed by, and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried.

He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events, he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so.

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with the grave which had been concealed for many years was opened in the presence of a wondering few.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proved to be a perishable material, and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's papers, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that made response to that love.—Chicago Post.

New York's Seventh Regiment.

A correspondent asks, "Will you give me some information about the war record of the Seventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., how long they served during the war of the rebellion, what battles they were engaged in and the total number of men lost during the war?"

The regiment, as a regiment, has only a slight war record. It volunteered for service in 1861 and marched from Baltimore to Washington; but, its own confessions to the contrary notwithstanding, it was not the first organization to reach the capital. Again, in 1862, it served from May 26 to Sept. 9, principally in Baltimore, and in 1863 it served from July 17 to July 20 at Baltimore and Frederick, Md. It fought no fights and lost one man, accidentally killed. But when you resolve it into its component parts it did great work. Six hundred and sixty-two members of the regiment served in the army and navy, 613 as commissioned officers, from master in the navy to general in the army, and sixty were killed or died of wounds or disease. —New York Sun.

A Bit of Old Repartee.

An oft quoted wit is Daniel Purcel, who is worthy of immortality as a master of repartee. The best of the reported witticisms of this forgotten jester is as follows:

Purcell was desired one night in company by a gentleman to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" asked Daniel. "The king," answered the other. "The king, sir," said he, "is no subject."—New York World.

Feeing Waiters.

"Women are accused of being inclined to meanness in the matter of feeing waiters," commented a woman recently, "but I think perhaps those who are take their cue from a meanly inclined husband or brother. On a dining car recently a man sat opposite me who ate stolidly through the courses of the dollar dinner, had a bottle of apollinaris opened for him and left five cents by his plate when he had done. The waiter pointedly allowed the nickel to remain until every dish had been removed, undoubtedly hoping that the persons at the adjacent tables would see the small coin before, with an indescribable flip, he pocketed it.

"Not long ago I saw a man in a New York restaurant tuck a five dollar bill in the waiter's hand at the beginning of a luncheon he was ordering for his party of two ladies and himself. This seemed to me as bad in its way as the five cent fee. We Americans do not take kindly to the fee system. It is contrary to the principles of our institutions, but it is apparently beyond control, and we women with the rest must accept, if in moderation. Among my women friends I find no general rule in regard to the matter. One woman whom I consider rather fast doesn't fee 'because it's vulgar;' another who is proverbially extravagant, because she 'can't afford it;' still another, because the waiter won't expect it from a woman, and so on. I've seen a rich woman leave five cents and a poor one leave fifty cents. A favorite practice when several women are lunching together is to divide the fee, each contributing an equal part. Men, I believe, never do this, though I don't see why it isn't a sensible notion."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Belle Coscie Band.

A bandit in Corsica nevers robs any one, but if he wants money he gets it, not by plundering rich tourists, not by stopping a diligence—this would be thieving, and altogether beneath his dignity. He writes a strongly worded letter to some person with whom he and his family are at feud and bids him send a certain sum by a given date, or take the consequence. The Belle Coscie band, especially during the last twenty years, have acted as if the country around belonged to them. They have almost always insisted on sharing in the profits of any undertaking which they may have seen going forward.

Some few years ago the maire of —— obtained a concession of the right to fell a certain number of trees in the forest of Vizzavona. The Belle Coscie heard of this and demanded a share in the profit. The maire indignantly refused, but the two bandits said, "Then we will shoot any one who attempts to cut down a single tree!" It was so certain that they would do it that the trees were left standing. At length the maire began to think that half a loaf was better than no bread and yielded. That has always been the way. Every one has yielded, and though expedition after expedition of armed men has been sent to the mountains to capture the two Belle Coscie, and though the gendarmes have been eager for the honor and reward attendant on success, there has been no success. Antoine Coscie has waited until the time during which the law prosecutes for murder is passed; Jacques will do the same, and a governing family in Corsica will have been founded.—London Saturday Review.

No Business in That Country.

"I once came near starving to death in a land of plenty," said J. Goodrich Jones, addressing the experience meeting assembled in the corridors of the Lindell. "I was traveling through Arkansas by wagon selling patent rights. I got into a section where hotels were unknown, and had to put up at the cabins of the squatters. For an entire week the bill of fare was baked possum, buttermilk and corn bread for breakfast, corn bread, buttermilk and baked possum for dinner, and buttermilk, baked possum and corn bread for supper. I abhor baked possum, corn bread is my abomination, and I would starve to death in an ocean of buttermilk. At last I expostulated. My host was thunderstruck.

"He got up, motioned me to follow him outside and said impressively: 'Look a-hyar, stranger; yer too scrumptious fer Arkansaw. Here this hull neighborhood has been a-totin corn t' mill an skylarkin around night arter night fer possums t' pervide y' with luxuries, an now y' turn up yer nose an say y' can't eat sich stuff. W'at d'ye want? W'at d'ye call high livin, anyhow? W'at kind o' fodder be y' a-hankerin fer? Now I tell y' w'at y' do. Yon p'int that mule's nose t'ward the Massassip, an don't y' never stop till y' git acrost it. A man who can't go possum an corn pone hain't got no kinder business a-foolin round in Arkansaw!'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Some Old Trees Sustain Themselves.

Many trees exhibit an economical utilization of the products of their own decay. These include swamp maples, a Norway maple, a willow and a white mulberry. In an English paper appeared not long ago an account of an oak which had "sustained itself for years by a mass of roots grown into its own trunk!"

In one of the swamp maples observed by L. M. Stabler, at Great Neck, Long Island, the primary injury apparently resulted from a storm which split and twisted the trunk. One of the adventitious roots, "at least two inches in diameter, started as high as ten feet above the base of the trunk and passed down through the decayed portion to the ground."—F. L. Sargent in Popular Science Monthly.

The Bicycle as a Remedy.

A physician pays the following tribute to the bicycle: "I have sent patients to the cycle riding school, and they have come back saying that it made them dizzy. They were drunk on oxygen, and I made them keep at it until they overcame the queer intoxication. Properly used I will say that the bicycle is one of the efficient remedies of the times."

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Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

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Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4722 Bishop-st; James Small, V P; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 406 W Erie st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

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St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3120 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 511 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm Waite, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 325 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5715 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

The Black Hole of Middle Mountain.

Up until about the middle of April, 1890, the "Black hole of Middle mountain" was one of the best known of Virginia's natural curiosities, the natural bridge of course always excepted. The Black hole was a natural well about twenty feet in diameter, situated at the foot of Middle mountain on the farm of A. H. Slitlington, in Pocahontas county. It was of unknown depth and locally believed to be poisonous from the fact that cattle, horses and other animals in common refused to drink of the water although almost famishing from thirst. Black hole has been known since at least 100 years before the opening of the Revolutionary war, and was given the name it bore because its waters looked as black as ink, even though the eyes of the beholder were not more than two feet distant from its surface. When dipped out by the cup, pail or barrelful it appeared as clear as crystal, the original coal black appearance being a phenomenon never satisfactorily accounted for.

Black hole, which had stood with its waters at a uniform level for two centuries of white man's history (during which time the water line had never in the least been affected by flood or drought), suddenly disappeared. One Varner, who lives on the Slitlington farm, was the first to discover and announce what was considered a neighborhood calamity. He had gone to salt the cattle which usually congregated in the shade around the brink of the pool, and was amazingly astonished to find that the old "bottomless well" had suddenly become a thing of the past. Its waters had been mysteriously drained, and its sides had fallen in.—St. Louis Republic.

The Different Hedge Plants.

Prospective planters of hedges may be assisted in making a decision by the following from Country Gentleman, whether the hedge be for ornament or with a view of forming a farm inclosure: "The selection must vary with locality, some succeeding well in one place and not in others. Where there is a good natural or artificial drainage and the winters are not too severe the osage orange is quite successful. In other places the honey locust does well, provided it is well cut back at the right time of year. The privet has a handsome natural hedgy growth, but is apt to die out in patches. The buckthorn is a hardy, thick grower, requiring less cutting back than some others, and when two or three barb wires are stretched lengthwise through its center while growing it becomes an efficient barrier. The barberry makes a beautiful hedge with little cutting and forms a good barrier with the barb wire center. Beautiful evergreen hedges are made of Norway spruce or hemlock, strengthened with wire in the same way. The arbor vitæ, or white cedar, has been much used, but will not bear its own shade without becoming too thin in foliage.

A Curious Irish Tradition.

Ireland is a country rich in traditions, and in places every inch of the ground has its queer history and some quaint story attached to it. For instance, not far from Belfast there is a romantic old well in a curious hollow of the hills called Barnas gap. The well is known as Barnas well and is filled at the bottom with white stones, the heather around being covered with pieces of rags. Close, too, is a large mound composed of stones, which is said to cover the bones of a holy friar long since dead. Every visitor to the well appears to make it a practice of adding a stone to the heap already there, but for what reason it is impossible to say.—Million.

A New Potato Food.

A new substance called torrefied pulp is being prepared from the potato. Its main use is for feeding cattle, but with boiling water it is said to form a palatable soup, and can be made into good breadstuff when mixed with wheat or rye flour. The potatoes are ground, and the pulp, after being pressed until most of the water is removed, is sifted and dried in a furnace. The heating process is continued just long enough to give a pleasant taste to the product without converting its starch into dextrine.—Ex-

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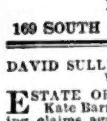
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ESTATE OF KATE HOGAN (FORMERLY Kate Barrett), deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Kate Hogan (formerly Kate Barrett), deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held a the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1893, being the 20th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, December 15, 1892.
PATRICK BARRETT,
Administrator of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for estate.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK.—ss. Superior Court of Cook County, December term, A. D. 1892. Patrick Kennedy vs. Bridget Kiniry, executrix of the last will and testament of John Kiniry, deceased, Mary Sheridan Egan, Maggie Sheridan and unknown heirs of John Kiniry. In Chancery. No. 144,294.
Notice is hereby given to the said unknown heirs of John Kiniry that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the court house in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of January, A. D. 1892, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
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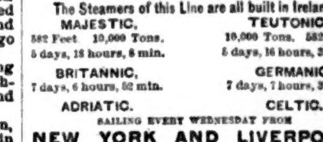
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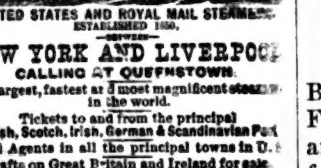
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